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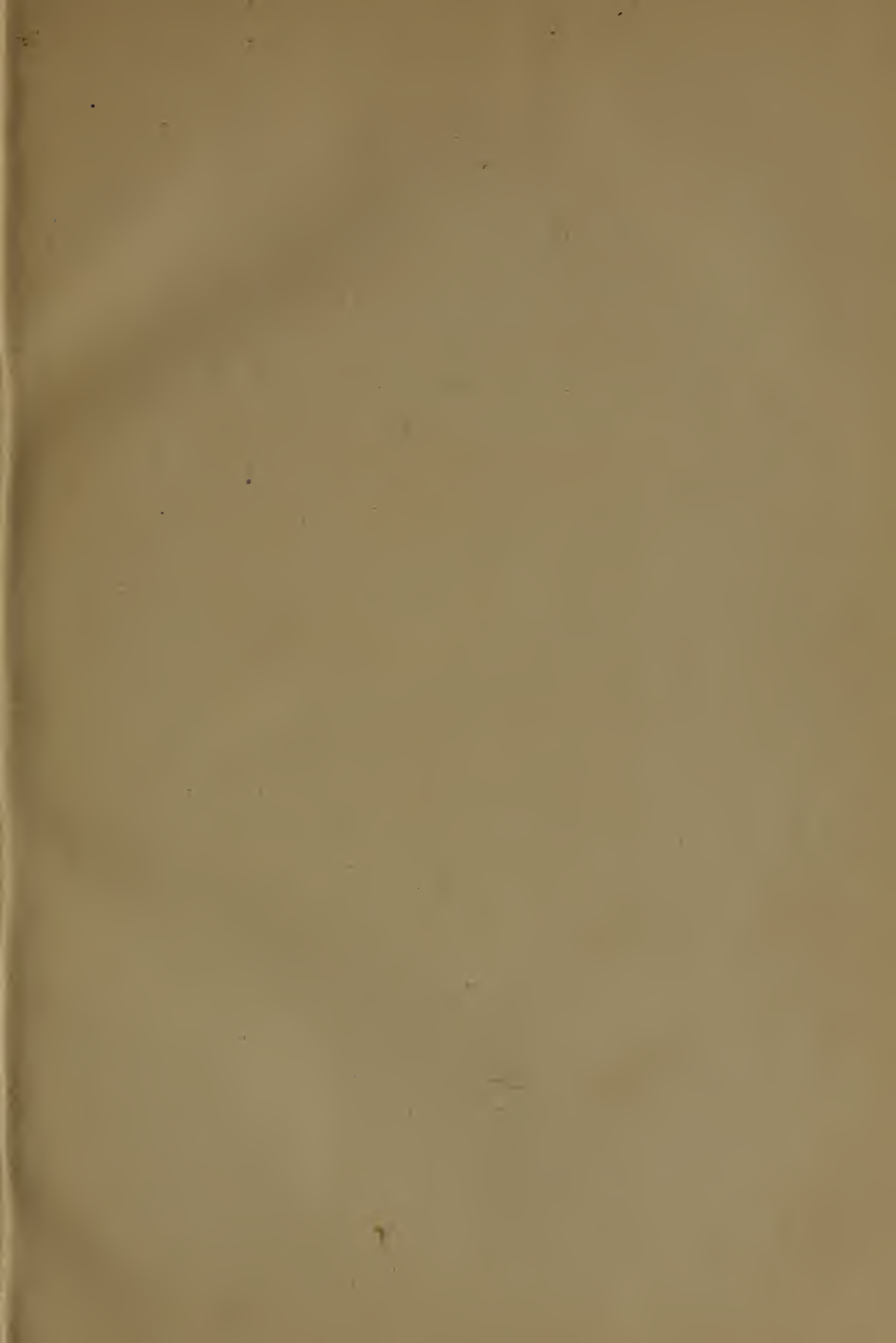
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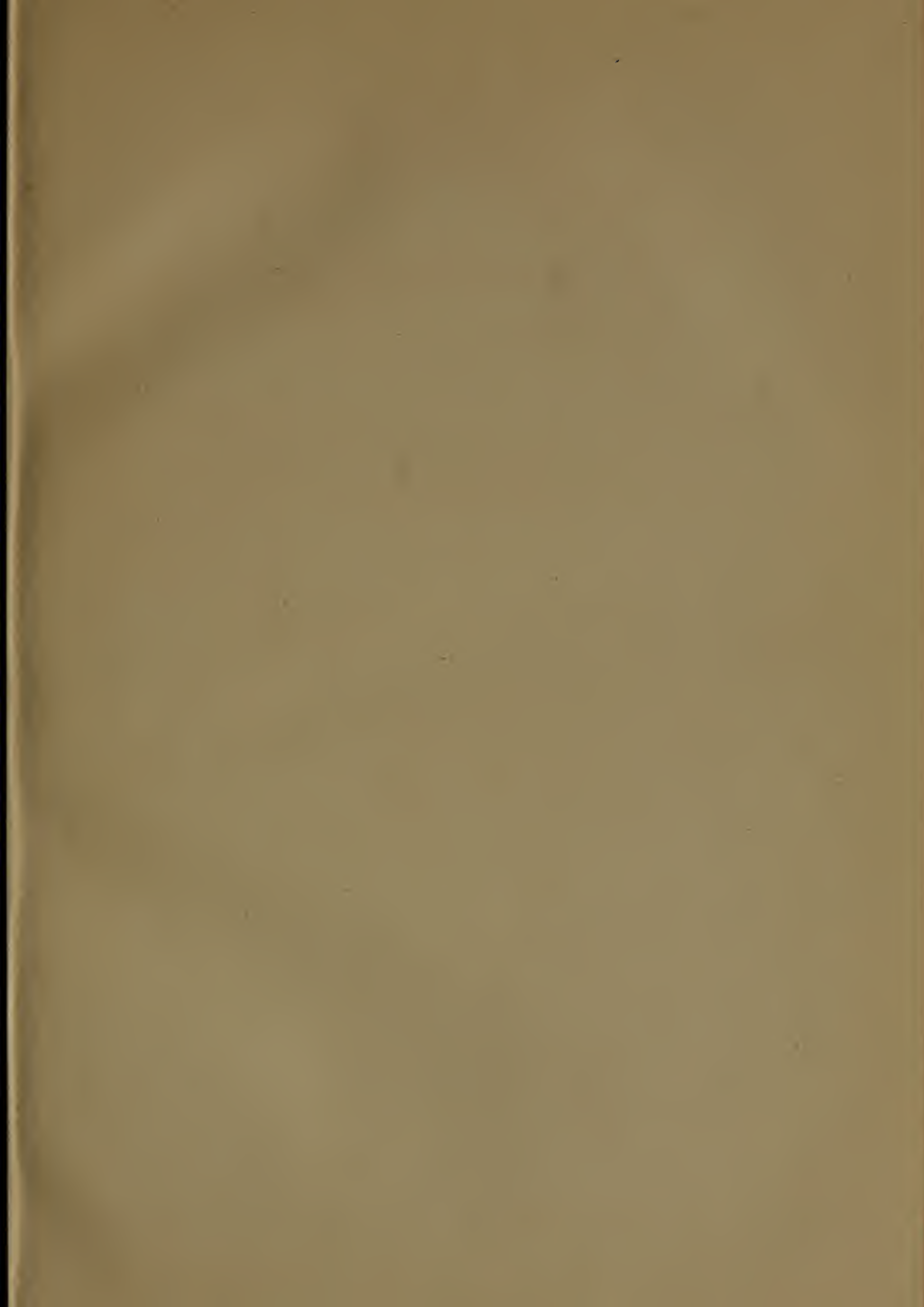
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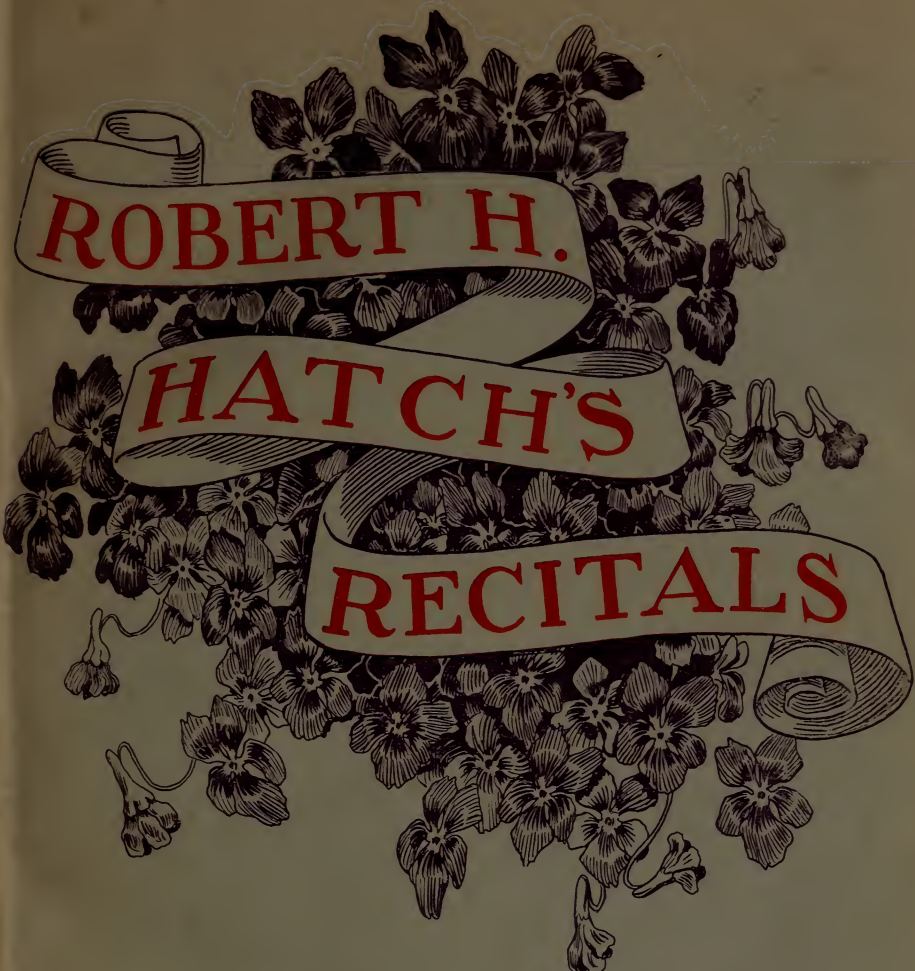
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DEDICATION.

TO MY MOTHER

Whose encouragement in my life-work has
been my inspiration.

PREFACE.

SINCE commencing my career as public reader and instructor of elocution I have been frequently asked by teachers and others to name for them such choice selections as, in my judgment, would be suitable for annual commencements, exhibitions, and other occasions. My own public entertainments have been invariably followed by requests for one or more of the given recitals, which had awakened special interest or personal enthusiasm, and which proved to be generally some sketch written especially for myself, or was the manuscript gift of an author or a personal friend. The many appeals thus made have influenced me in putting before the public this collection—the result of long experience and composed almost entirely of unpublished material. It has been culled from many sources, and there is not one fragment which I have not found acceptable to critical and cultured audiences, both here and abroad.

The success of my venture will prove whether I am justified in my belief that a welcome will be extended by the public at large, as well as by those more especially interested, to a volume of wholly new and unique recitals.

I wish especially to express my thanks to Miss Fanny Davenport for so kindly permitting me to publish "Loris Ipanoff's Story," from Sardou's great play of "Fedora;" and also to Mr. J. M. Hill for allowing me to include "Tiger Lily's Race," from "Philip Herne," by Mary H. Fiske. I have recited these two pieces some

hundreds of times, and in giving them to my professional confrères, I feel sure they will still meet with favor.

My indebtedness is also due to Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons and Mr. Eugene Field for "Our Lady of the Mine;" to Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. for Mr. Austin Dobson's "Une Marquise;" to Messrs. Roberts Bros. and Miss Susan Coolidge for "Ginevra;" to Mr. Clinton Scollard for "By the Turret Stair" and "The Ride;" to Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons and Mr. George Parsons Lathrop for "Keenan's Charge," from Mr. Lathrop's "Dreams and Days;" to Mr. Henry Baldwin for "Sackcloth and Ashes;" to Mrs. John Sherwood for "The Sculptor's Vision;" to the *Marquise Lanza* for "In a Rose Garden;" to the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* and Miss Grace L. Furniss for "His Unbiased Opinion;" to Mr. George T. Davidson for "On the Stairs;" and to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. and Miss Nora Perry for the exclusive right to reprint "To-morrow at Ten," from Miss Perry's poems entitled "New Songs and Ballads."

The Introductions, which in some instances precede the recitals, were written by myself and should in all cases be recited with the selection.

I have intentionally withheld any rules or suggestions for the proper and effective rendering of the selections; such direction can only be given by the *personal* training of a professor of the elocutionary art.

In conclusion let me acknowledge another debt—one beyond me to repay. To my audiences I tender my heartfelt thanks for their appreciation of my efforts hitherto; and until we meet again I ask from them a welcome for this book, which will, I trust, prove an acceptable reminder of the many recitals they have done me the honor to attend.

ROBERT H. HATCH.

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Robert H. Hatch's Recitals.

LORIS IPANOFF'S STORY.

VICTORIEN SARDOU.

[Published by special permission of Miss Fanny Davenport, who has given to Mr. Hatch the exclusive right to its use.]

* * Slightly altered and arranged for recitation by
Robert H. Hatch.

INTRODUCTION.

THE scene from the third act of Sardou's great emotional play of "Fedora" occurs at her hotel in Paris between Loris Ipanoff and the Princess Fedora, the two principal characters in the play. Accused of being a Nihilist by Fedora, as a reason for a suspected murder which has baffled the Russian police, Ipanoff replies:

"Connected with the Nihilists—I? Why, what an absurd idea! No, I killed Vladimir Androvitch on account of a woman—my wife! My mother is aged, infirm. She lives on her estate, where my brother and I go, in turn, to pass the greater part of the year with her. Last spring I found as her companion, or reader, a young girl, named Wanda—intelligent, pretty, coquet-

tish. To make a long story short, in the solitude of the chateau I was fascinated by her to such a degree that I insisted on marrying her. My mother, who, from her chair, had observed the girl's conduct, declared she would never give her consent, and sent Wanda back to Warsaw. But it was arranged between us she should go and wait for me at St. Petersburg. There our love became riveted still more strongly and deeper than ever.

"Out of respect to my mother's prejudice, in whose house I was staying, I had not installed Wanda there. She lived close by in an apartment furnished for her provisionally, for I still hoped to conquer my mother's resistance; but all my efforts failed; and as Wanda did not spare me many tears and regrets, I resolved to satisfy her and celebrate the religious marriage, on which her heart was set, the civil having already been performed.

"The ceremony took place. Two of my friends were witnesses in the absence of my brother, who, in spite of his great love for me, strongly opposed my conduct, and as it was necessary to find witnesses for Wanda, she presented me to two new Petersburg acquaintances—one an indifferent personage, the other, Vladimir Androvitch. Two weeks later, Vladimir, with whom I had become acquainted more easily, as he lived just opposite me, became so assiduous in his attentions to my wife that I took offence and requested him to cease his visits, which he did with the most perfect good grace, and all relations between us were at an end.

"I now arrive at the evening in question—the fatal night which changed the course of my whole life. I was going to my mother's for the Christmas fête, and had left Wanda deeply grieved at the separation of a whole week. On arriving at the station I found I had forgotten something my mother especially requested me to bring her, so I put off my departure until the next

train, and hailing a drosky on the Newski Prospect hurried home. On reaching my door, I saw Wanda's maid coming from Vladimir's house. She saw me—tried to draw back unobserved. I jumped from the carriage, seized her violently, and drew her into my doorway, and there, overwhelmed and terrified, she betrayed her mistress, and confessed it was a letter she had just taken. The letter said: 'At nine, you know where!' Where?—'where was this?' I demanded of the maid. In her terror she told me—an isolated house on the outskirts of Petersburg, rented for Vladimir under the false name of a student. The maid used to precede her mistress there, light the fire and the lamps. He would come in his sleigh through the gate, while Wanda alighted at the door of a dressmaker's a few steps distant, from thence to a pavilion on foot, through another door,—and this—this had been going on for two whole months,—ever since my marriage!

'What is the matter? Why do you look so pale, Fedora? You doubt me? Wait! wait! Well, I placed the maid in the carriage, we drove to the house. She prepared everything. The hour had arrived. We are in the vestibule without light, she ready to open the door, I hidden in the turn of the staircase. Her role is all arranged—should she falter or give a suspicious sign she is dead. I have my revolver in my hand. Motionless we wait. A ring! 'Tis Vladimir! He enters briskly, throws off his coat.

“ ‘Has Madame arrived?’

“ ‘Not yet, Monsieur.’

“ ‘He goes up the stairs, disappears on the first floor where I hear him walking to and fro impatiently. Another ring! 'Tis she!

“ ‘Is he there?’

“ ‘Yes, Madame.’ She goes up the stairs joyously, with a light step, her skirts brush by me as she passes.

“ ‘Now,’ I cry, ‘take this money and never let me hear of you again!’ ”

“The maid rushes into the street. I ascend the stairs to the door of the salon. I listen. They are talking loudly, gaily! I hear my name,—she laughs! Wild with rage, I open the door and dart in. At sight of me she turns from him. I seize her.

“ ‘Leave that woman alone,’ cries Vladimir.

“ ‘Furiously I turn on him. My only reply is to aim, fire, and kill him, Fedora, kill! *kill!* KILL!’ ”



TIGER LILY'S RACE.

MARY H. FISKE.

[Published by special permission of Mr. J. M. Hill.]

* * Abridged and arranged for recitation by Robert H. Hatch.

[The words in brackets are mine, not the author's.—R. H. H.]

INTRODUCTION.

THE scene opens at Mrs. Herne's country mansion on the banks of the Hudson, by Philip Herne (who has just returned from California) saying to his mother :

“It's rather a long story, mother; but this much you shall hear at once: You remember Viscaronda, the Spanish ranchman, whose son was in college with me. Well, we both cut away to his father's place in California. I've been with horses till I'm a sort of Centaur. He's brought a stable of 'flyers' East for the fall meetings, and now I'm the crack rider from the Golden Gate. How came I to embrace such a life? Accident, mother, accident—that shapes a man's fate when education, influence and endeavor are put forth in vain.

“Viscaronda's a charming fellow, and his heart was set on seeing the success of his pet racer, Altamont, on the Oakland track last fall a year. We came down from the ranch with quite a stable. There was Altamont, his half-brother Raoul, Dundee Kate, Estelle, and half a dozen more—all flyers—and in the party the Tiger Lily. Now, the Lily had once been the pride of the Pacific Slope; but for several seasons she'd just eaten her head off, living in clover as the mate of

Estelle. Well, the very day before the opening of the meeting, Altamont broke down. I shall always believe he was tampered with, for he had a walk-over with the entries. Viscaronda was inconsolable. No one of all his stud could fill Altamont's place, and in his grief he burst out:

“ ‘The scoundrels! They've beaten me! Ah, if Kate were only the Tiger Lily that she once was, I'd substitute her for Altamont, and yet redeem the ranch!’ ”

“Now, for months I had given the Lily a daily brush on the circle, and there had been times when, with a little crowding, she had let out with a burst of her old speed that was electrical. We understood each other. Ah, mother, that's a great thing for a horse and a rider! She'd come to know the touch of my hand, the sound of my voice. She answered the pressure of my knee, and was as much company to me as a human being. I went and looked the Lily over. Glossy, sleek, light-limbed and alert, in her gentle eyes shone a ray of something that might have been recollection. But I tried to believe that the fire still burned, though under ashes; so I just explained things to her, yes, as I would to a human being. And so I told the Lily the strait her master was in. I dwelt upon the necessity of her overcoming the infirmities of age for one brief hour, and I showed her how, in that hour, she could cover herself with glory, confuse the conspirators who were 'downing' her master, and win my heart entirely. I don't know which argument won, but I left her feeling the tingle of success from my fingers to my feet. I went to Viscaronda and said:

“ ‘Put the Lily in Altamont's place, and leave the rest to me!’ Why, mother, I *compelled* belief in that dear old deposed queen of the turf.

“Oh, you should have heard the sneers that followed the announcement that Viscaronda had substituted the

Tiger Lily of the past for the horse they were all afraid of, and that his rider was an unknown! Altamont's rider was a Mexican; he thought, with the rest, that the failure of the star horse had rattled the old man who believed in your boy. Under the cover of the night I gave my pet a lesson or two; and then the morning broke that was to make or mar me as a prophet—a day as perfect as a pearl. Oh, mother, a California day is a poem in the air! You hear music; you breathe fragrance! You seem set to a tune that is played by your heart! I had another talk with my lady Lily, and even as we came up for the flag, in front of the grand stand, there was something in us both that turned the tide.

“Oh, mother, that was a race! Five were in it, but four were followers. On the home stretch of the first heat, we took the lead and kept it.

“‘Good!’ shrieked the crowd, as they saw the time; ‘but she can’t keep it up! She can’t repeat!’

“Now a triumph that is unexpected always wakes more enthusiasm than a foregone conclusion. There were twenty thousand people on that track, and they went wild over a miracle. They stormed the shed to compliment me and gaze at the mare; but I took my girl aside for further confidences. We were now going in for the deciding heat—it was a heat race—and everything was yet at stake. Oh, mother, I clasped my arms about her neck, and put my face to hers. We promised each other the world if we won. I flung myself upon her back determined and invincible.

“[The flag dropped. We were off and half way round the course while the first hoarse shout of the crowd came to my ears: ‘Tiger Lily wins!’ ‘No, Pioneer!’ ‘No, no! Tiger Lily!’]

“Oh, mother! there was one moment, when Pioneer—an iron-gray horse of great speed—stole up. I glanced at the side, where the green growing things and the

planted posts were flying by like the teeth of a comb—there was a gleam of gray and a flash of red—Pioneer and his rider's crimson jacket! My tightened grasp, my warning knee, conveyed the news of danger to my darling. Her beautiful little head stiffened, the delicate pink nostrils swelled—with a snort of defiance she let out. I was astride the wind! The scent of a hay-rick at the quarter-pole and the Ess. Bouquet of the grand stand, struck me full in the face at one time. Fainter and fainter fell the castanets of Pioneer's feet. [Louder and louder swelled the roar from twenty thousand throats] as alone, victorious, bursting with joy, Tiger Lily and I swept under the wire, [mother, a winner by a length]!"



IN A ROSE GARDEN.

A RECOLLECTION.

MARQUISE CLARA LANZA.

[Written especially for Mr. Robert H. Hatch.]

I REMEMBER that June day mild and mel-
low,
She came along the pathway,
Her hair a-blow and sunlit,
And my heart in its enchantment
Within my breast leaped upward.
The roses hid their crimson
Amid the filmy laces
That draped her fragile shoulders.
Like fire flashed the jewels
On her white throat and fingers.
Her loveliness was fated
To stir the pulse, yet ever
A sinlessness emitted
Like an aureole faintly gleaming.
Our mutual troth was plighted
On that glorious June morning,
And happiness was with me—
The happiness short-sighted
That dwells in present dreaming,
Shutting its bolder vision
To what lies in the future.
Though we lived in roseate Venice,
The garden had been planted
Like those of far-famed Persia,
Where the atmosphere is balmy
With muscadine and ottar.

The air was aromatic
From the mild yet pungent odors
Of the great, deep-scented roses;
And a fountain reared its marble,
In a sort of pallid shining
Among the trees of ilex.
Its watery gems were sparkling
Into a pool where floated
A mass of starry lilies;
A lute flung on the grass-plot
And a volume bound in parchment—
The sonnets of Petrarca—
Did mutely speak of loving
The sad, pale face of Laura
And lingering strains of music.
A fitting place for lovers
To declare their cherished secrets!
But still we are familiar—
We who have loved in living—
With the insolence unbridled,
And the irony unbounded,
Of realities most charming,
That cheat us with glad offers
As human lips with lying.
For the false is always able
To hide its inky contours
Beneath its gorgeous mantle
As fair as she, that morning,
With her tawny hair like amber,
The roses in her bosom
And her girdle from Cellini!
But I had faith in Helen.
I loved her with the rapture
We give to things whose essence,
Combines the sweet and honest.
I had been slow in learning

That a sentence light in meaning
Could be told in tones so solemn,
With words that seemed to carry
The truth unhesitating,
And eyes that knew no flinching
At either glance or question.
Yet I recollect the advent
Of a morning vague and hazy ;
A sense of woe relentless,
That quickly threw a blackness
On a joy that was unsullied.
Such thoughts are foolish, doubtless,
I am sure of that.

However,
Though with my mood I pleaded,
I sauntered out at nightfall,
Into the calm rose garden.
The flowers now were slumberous,
Yet frankincense was wafted all about,
And the white moon was lavish
With a radiance that bewildered—
An effulgence cold and chastened.
The warm air scintillated
With a clear, resplendent lustre,
And a burning star shot briskly
Across the vaulted heaven,
Like the plunge of some bright dagger
Into a bosom unsuspecting.
'Twas there I sought for Helen.
I had seen her quickly stepping
Forth from the trellised window,
All wreathed in mossy flowers,
Perchance bent on a ramble
Among the narrow pathways
That twisted like limp ribbons
About the fragrant garden,

And to inhale the odorous perfumes
Of the rosemary and orange,
That grew beyond the terrace.
Then, as I searched impatient,
Longing with lover's ardor,
I heard another footfall—
One certainly not Helen's—
That came behind me gently,
And I saw her Cousin Loris,
Who had left his home but lately
To visit at the villa.
His step was firm and buoyant
And his smile was quiet—careless.
I moved into the shadow
Until he walked beyond me,
Humming a plaintive ballad—
The same *she* had been singing,
To the lute's grave intonation,—
Singing with eyes half tearful,
Fixed full upon my own.
The moonbeams now were falling
In an argent wave unbroken
Upon his figure,
And I followed slowly after,
With my heart quite chilled and heavy.
Ah, well, the old, old story!
Old and yet ever novel!
A faith now bound, now loosened;
The knowledge of things vilest
That seek for vain concealing;
A trust turned into hatred;
A mockery most blatant
Of sentiment held holy;
A youth that grows to age
Within a fleeting moment.
I found her waiting for him—

Waiting for him!
She who that very morning
Had given me her promise
In words of honest transport!
And I saw her fair head bending,
With its triple golden fillets,
And its flashing gleams of amber
All whitened by the moonlight—
Bending in charmed disquiet—
To touch his lips with hers.
And upward crept the odor
Of bergamot and ottar
And the scent of the roses that she wore.
But to me the present vanished—
Vanished with its beauty,
Leaving a void most bitter,
And the echo of a happiness forever past.
I heard enough to tell me
They two had long been lovers,
But both were poor;
While I—well, let it pass—
It's over now and done with.
Philosophy doth teach us
That everything that happens
Is always for our welfare.
I paused not for reproving.
I went my way thenceforward,
Refusing all explanation
From her or him.
And later when the first sharp pain subsided,
In after years, I smiled at my own folly;
For life is meant for loving,
And love is always with us.
The cruel, poignant sorrow,
That turns the heart to granite,
We can force away from nature,

And mend our broken pleasures
Where the glistening threads are severed.
In the richly-spiced rose garden
The blossoms are not blooming
Less sweetly for what happened.
The scent spreads out ambrosial;
The lute lies on the stairway
That leads up to the loggia
Close by the fountain's marble.
And there are still dainty fingers
To sweep the strings, caressing
Fingers bedecked with jewels,
And lips to sing, pathetic,
The love-songs of Petrarca—
Not Helen's hand nor accents,
But others very different.
For if one love plays truant
Is not another coming?
Alice is far more lovely,
She has hair of raven blackness
And a face like alabaster
Illumined by the sunlight.
If *she* should prove unkindly—
Ah, what of that!
A passing disappointment,
An hour of regretting—
A gnawing *here*—the anguish
Is short-lived at the utmost.
But when the winter's buried
In its shroud of spangled snow-drift,
And summer bursts to being,
Another love will greet me—
One of delight supernal,
As each successive springtide
Doth ever seem much fairer

Than those that once have flowered.

* * * * *

Yet somehow—there's a memory
That haunts with grim persistence—
The thought of Helen—waiting—
Ail whitened by the moonlight,
'Mid the rosemary and orange,
In the slumbering rose garden;
Her eyes masked by soft languor
Like starlight veiled by vapor,
Plunged into orbs impassioned;
Her ripe lips, red and longing
Upon *his* lips pressed closely—
From which hour Love and Faith went
Out of my life, *never* to come again!



THE SCULPTOR'S VISION.

MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD.

[“MY DEAR MR. HATCH:

“I have been so pleased with your rendering of my poem, ‘The Sculptor’s Vision,’ that I beg you to accept it as yours, and to present it at your coming recital as your own.

“Ever truly yours,

M. E. W. SHERWOOD.”]

A SCULPTOR was moulding the amber-brown clay,
As he sat in his innermost room;
A cloud like a wing had come sailing that way,
And deepened and darkened the delicate gloom
Which the vine-leaves, and orange-trees made in the
room,
And cast its soft shadow, which followed the ray,
O’er three lovely angels—three angels in clay—
The dream of the sculptor, the work of his hands
In the Roman deposits—those world-renowned sands—
And the soil of the mountains, the sculptor’s best clay,
Which Tiber brings down in his world-renowned way.
And he mournfully mused, as the spatula wrought:
“Alas! is my labor but play?
In saddest sincerity Angelo sought
To put his great soul in the clay.
Here stand my three angels, my dream and my thought.
Unworthy these daughters of dreamland they seem,
Unworthy the soil of our Tiber’s rich stream,
Unworthy the richness of amber-brown clay,
Which Tiber brings down in his world-renowned
way.”

And he thought of old Angelo saddened and poor,
Who watched the proud world turn away from his door,

And he wondered if gratitude were but a name,
Or if there was life-blood in what we call fame.
Then he said to himself, half in fear, half in shame:

“I shall call these three angels Ambition, and Love,
And Gratitude—she the most stately of all;
For she is the angel who surely bears sway

At the great gate of heaven, which opens above
When we shall be angels and cease to be clay.

Ambition may lead us to climb up the height,
And Love may enwrap us in worldly delight,
But Gratitude brings us to kneel and to pray,
The kind deed to utter, the soft word to say.
I would I could mould her in amber-brown clay,
Which Tiber brings down in his world-renowned way!”

A sunbeam came stealing the orange-boughs through,
And filled the whole room with a joy that was new;
And it fell on the brow the most stately and pure.
He looked at his hands, which were stained with the clay,
And he wished that two hands which were whiter than
they

Would come down and straighten that line of the brow,
A nimbus of glory encircled it now,
And the mouth, which had been what a bee loves to sip,
Seemed to open, with goddess-like smile on the lip;
And he saw that two hands (which were whiter than
they

That had built up the statue) were touching the clay
Which Tiber brought down in his world-renowned way.

The soft steps were moving, as winds whispered o'er;
Then he heard a low voice, disregarded before.
The light came and went; there was rustling of wings,
Like a breath of the twilight when nightingale sings;
And the rich Roman landscape his casement defined
Before his stunned senses was sharply outlined;
And three soft voices sang, disregarded before,

And they said: "Go and work for the blind and the
poor;
Go visit the sick in their infinite need;
Care not for the world, with its gilding and greed;
Care not for Ambition, it lasts but a day,
And hope not for Love, for she comes not to stay!
But while you are giving, we'll work at the clay
Which Tiber brings down in his world-renowned way."

He left, for a season, all dreams of his art;
He took of the burdens of life his full part;
He sought out the weary; he sped on his way
The poor, fallen brother; the woman who weeps
He raised from the cauldron which poverty steeps;
And with one little hand of a lame beggar boy
Held fast in his own, he entered with joy
His garret again, to resume his loved sway
Over graver and rule, and to touch that dear clay
Which Tiber brings down in his world-renowned way.

What sight met his eyes as he opened the door?
A sunlight so brilliant that never before
E'en in sunlighted Rome, where Apollo still beams,
Had a glory so golden brought life to his dreams!
His statues were finished. The angels had wrought
To give the poor sculptor his dream and his thought;
And he knew that a purpose had moulded the clay
Which Tiber brings down in his world-renowned way.

A moment of silence before he could speak—
These angels were mighty, the sculptor was weak.
But the beggar boy questioned: "She's sweetest of
all—

What call you that lady so calm and so tall,
So like the Madonna, who stands by the wall?"
"That, boy, is sweet Gratitude; this one is Love;
They, boy, are the angels who surely bear sway

At the great gate of heaven which opens above,

When we shall be angels and cease to be clay!

The other's Ambition, so proud and so wild."

"I like not her face," said the questioning child;

"But when you first taught me to kneel and to pray,
Sweet Gratitude came to my bedside and smiled—

Stretched her arms to me then, as she does from the
clay

Which Tiber brings down in his world-renowned way."



SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

HENRY BALDWIN.

A LENTEN DIALOGUE AT MRS. WASHINGTON SWAGGER'S AFTERNOON TEA.

[Written especially for Mr. Robert H. Hatch.]

INTRODUCTION.

IT is Easter week, and Mrs. Washington Swagger has asked two young ladies to assist her in receiving at her first afternoon tea. One of them arrives somewhat earlier than is necessary, but, being perfectly at home in the house, descends to the drawing-room long before the hostess. Soon there is a ring at the door; a muffled figure grasping a lengthy train glides up the staircase, and not many minutes elapse before the second young lady appears. She pauses in the doorway, glances about her with a nervous little toss of the head and then throws up her hands with a faint shriek and trips down the long room.

“Why, Gladys! You *dear* thing! Mrs. Swagger said I’d find you here. I *must* kiss you again. Why, I haven’t laid eyes on you for a century!”

“I always wondered how old you really were, Madge! Well, my dear, if you *will* insist on attending St. Solomon’s in the swim instead of St. Sebastian’s in the slums, you needn’t expect to see me during Lent, though I called on you at least a million times. Let’s go into the other room; this is like a furnace! What a *dream* that gown of yours is! That dark red is just the thing for your complexion.”

“Oh, Gladys, I’m *so* relieved! You’re a double-

plated angel, as Jack Stuyvesant says! But I'm awfully afraid everybody will suspect that it didn't cost more than a hundred and twenty-five dollars. And how sweetly that blue goes with your hair! But I don't believe in talking about dress. I think women ought to live for higher things. Oh, you needn't laugh! I've been having real serious meditations. I think we ought to lift our thoughts up, up—my goodness! There's a basting-thread in the bottom of your skirt!"

"What on earth took you out so much, Madge? Church?"

"Church! Why the idea! You must think I had nothing to do. I would have returned some of your calls if I hadn't had so many engagements—well, possibly not the whole million, but a hundred thousand, anyway. Why, I haven't had a minute to myself."

"Aha! You sly thing you! How many minutes did Jack Stuyvesant get?"

"Oh, you goose! I *knew* you would say that! You saw me walking with him just once, Gladys, last Thursday. You might have known I was trying to reform him."

"He needs it. He revels altogether too much in his own society."

"Well, I don't care! He's just the politest man that ever breathed! Sherry Huyler says he noticed him once looking behind him at his own shadow, and he came to the conclusion that Jack was begging it to excuse his back. No, when you saw us I was trying to make him promise not to send me a box of bonbons. I told him I couldn't even taste one and he said I needn't; that I could keep them at hand so as to have something to resist. People always get the better of me in an argument, somehow."

"You don't mean to tell me you gave in?"

"Gracious, no! I kept them till Monday, and then

I didn't stop till I saw the bottom of the box. A real Saratoga trunk of a box it was, too, my dear. Well, it was the same way with the theatrical news. I saved all the papers and devoured them with the bonbons. What a stock accumulates during six weeks! Aren't you crazy to see that new Englishman act?"

"Dying! They say he's simply angelic as a lover, and beats his wife horribly when he's at home."

"Oh, how interesting! I do like to have men individual."

"You might have kept up with the theatres, if it was Lent. You could have read a sermon in the *Sunday Herald*, you know, and then a teenty-weenty mite of a paragraph about Kelcey or de Reszké, and then you could have skimmed over one of those real pious editorials in the *Sun*, and gone back to Kelcey and de Reszké. It wouldn't have hurt you a particle."

"Oh Gladys! I never thought of that. How clever you are."

"Dorothy Waldorf says she never even glanced at a theatre poster. Now, there's a girl of principle for you!"

"Oh, isn't she? Nannie Flouncer says *she's* lost all her principle. Why, she met Sothern in front of Lord & Taylor's, one day, and she actually had to go in and look at the Spring goods to get him out of her head, and then she lay awake half the night planning new frocks, so she came to the conclusion that that was every bit as bad. Well, to go back. The reason why I was out so much was that I had to rehearse for those theatricals for the Widows' Colored Memorial Home—I mean the Colored Memorial Widows' Home—well, you know what I mean—it's one of St. Solomon's charities, and our new rector said we girls ought to take an interest in it, and we felt ashamed not to, don't you know; he's so handsome!"

"Why, Madge! I didn't know you had any dramatic talent!"

"Oh, my love, I haven't! No more have the others. Jack Stuyvesant says we ought to have given the plays in Lent, it would have been such discipline for the audience. I'm sure people ought to pay well to see such cavortings; the chance comes only once in a lifetime."

"Is this the outcome of your Shakespeare Club?"

"Shakespeare Club? Oh, yes, we did start one, but some of the girls said Shakespeare was perfectly grand, but that he was awfully pokey to read, just the same; so we took up Ouida instead. They made Sue Leslie president; I don't know why, I'm sure, unless because she's so strong-minded."

"She must be strong-minded if she really refused seventeen offers last summer at Bar Harbor."

"Oh, I don't know. They were all from the same man. Well, I only repeat what's told me. They say she's one of those 'advanced' creatures—trims her own hats, don't you know."

"Then you didn't vote for her?"

"No, and you wouldn't, if you could have seen the way her gown fitted in the back. I wanted Ethel Marabout to go in, she's so æsthetic; such a high-strung, sensitive creature! Why, do you know she can't even think of ice-cream without sneezing! If I'd only had the ghost of an idea that she wouldn't be elected I'd have put in more."

"More what?"

"Ballots, child! I only put in three. The one who gets the most gets the office, of course. Oh, I don't wonder men adore politics! I never knew anything so exciting!"

"I saw the top of your head at the Dashaway's reception. I just flew in and flew out. The Bowling Club met that afternoon, you know, and the History

Class, and the Anti-Cigarette Society, too, so I couldn't stay. I hear they had dancing. Did you indulge?"

"No, I don't ever intend to dance in mid-Lent. I don't believe in relaxing one iota. Well, to be perfectly honest, I *did* take a few steps with Sherry Huyler, just to see if I'd forgotten how. But I've known him all my life, so I don't call that breaking resolutions. There wasn't much dancing. Mrs. Dashaway said she wanted the thing rather subdued. Well, there was a girl there whose aunt married a bishop, and there was a gentleman who had written a novel without any love in it, and somebody told a story about a trip on a canal boat; so, altogether, it was what one might call a religious assembly."

"What else have you been doing to mortify the flesh?"

"Oh, going to some Astronomy lectures. I supposed I was going to get some new ideas, but it was the same old lingo we all learned at school—how the world revolves around Jupiter, and the planets have tails millions of miles long,—facts a mere child ought to know by instinct!"

"I don't wonder you were disgusted if that was what Professor Borer told you! However, you found solace in your cooking class, doubtless?"

"Yes, indeed! I learned lots of new things—how to make caramels, for one. Jack Stuyvesant says that sort of thing's all very well, but that business men can't live on caramels. I don't know who asked him to live on caramels! Don't you hate these practical people?"

"I wish I could have kept on in the sewing class. It was so pleasant to have the men dropping in with the latest news! I suppose some of their talk was nothing but scandal, but, somehow or other, when a *man* tells you a thing it doesn't sound like scandal, does it, Madge?"

"Yes, wasn't it awfully jolly! I haven't the remotest idea what we sewed for, have you? How much did I do? Well, I made three button-holes; that's more than some of the girls accomplished."

"There's going to be a Walking Club next year, and what with the Paderewski Adoration Society and the Society for the Discovery of Feminine Girls, we *shall* have our hands full. Don't you dread it? To tell the honest truth, I'm glad Lent's over. I'm tired to death!"

"So am I, Gladys; literally worn to a thread. And yet, there wasn't as much going on as usual this year. By the bye, don't you want some tickets to our theatricals?"

"Oh, of course! How much are they?"

"Only five dollars apiece!"

"Yes, I'll take one; and don't you want some to the reading for the benefit of our Bootblacks' Social Union?"

"It would be a privilege, I assure you. How much are they?"

"Oh, only five dollars apiece!"

"Oh, but see here. I wouldn't make anything in that case, would I?"

"Why, yes. You get your 'money back, don't you see?"

"To be sure. What a head you have for mathematics, Gladys! You really ought to be in Wall Street. Well, if there isn't Jack Stuyvesant! What on earth brought him here, do you suppose, ahead of time? Where are you going, Gladys?"

"I'll be back presently. Simpkins hasn't arranged those palms in the hall properly."

[Enter MR. STUYVESANT, *partially obscured by his boutonnière.*]

"Ah, Mr. Stuyvesant! Charmed to see you. But how early you've come!"

"Ahead of time? Yes, I suppose it's bad form; but you seem to have no objections, so I think I'll stay."

"I should like to inquire, Mr. Stuyvesant, if you flatter yourself that you can read my thoughts?"

"Oh, I take it for granted that your spirit is chastened by your long abstinence. You can submit to anything with resignation."

"Yes, anything."

"I say, Madge, I wish you'd make one more sacrifice, just to please me."

"Perhaps I can, Jack. What is it?"

"Marry me. I know I'm springing this on you suddenly. I know this isn't the place to do it. I know I ain't good-looking, but—hang it—I've got lots of style, and there's no end of cash in the family, don't you know, and you've just got hold of my heart, somehow. I suppose that isn't the proper way to put it, but I never was much on etiquette and propriety. I say, Madge, that's why I came early. I knew you'd be here, and I couldn't wait another minute. I don't care for their hot slops and biscuits! I shan't eat another morsel, anyway, till you say 'yes'."

"I'm afraid you'll have to make a sacrifice to please me, Jack."

"By Jove, I'll do it! You don't want to live in Jersey, I hope?"

"No, it's a greater sacrifice than that, even."

"Well, I'm not going to back out. I'll cut myself down to fifteen cigars a day—I'll pay my tailor's bill—I'll give up the races—what is it you ask?"

"That you'll give me up cheerfully, Jack. I'm engaged to Sherry Huyler—ah, now, Jack, don't be angry! Let us be real good friends—and you *will* be one of my ushers, won't you, Jack, dear?"

THE RIVALS.

W. A. EATON.

[Written specially for Mr. Robert H. Hatch. The poem has never been published, either here or abroad. All rights are reserved.]

SWEET Nellie Green was the belle of our town;
Her eyes and her hair were a delicate brown,
Her lips were like rubies, her cheeks like the rose,
A poet would rave on the shape of her nose;
Her voice, when she sang, was sweet music indeed,
And her laughter like bells ringing soft o'er the mead.
No wonder that Nellie became the proud boast
Of the oldest inhabitant, and the great toast
Of all the young fellows for many miles round—
They vowed that her equal could never be found.
No wonder that she was surrounded with beaus,
Who, from being fast friends, became deadly foes.
But the two she most favored were Harry and Joe,
Though neither had asked her to say "Yes" or "No"!
She had met them at picnic, at boat race and ball,
She accepted their presents, and thanked them for all.
She had met them together, and met them apart,
But neither had asked her the state of her heart.
And Harry, he thought: "If it were not for Joe,
I could win the affections of Nellie, I know!"
And Joe he declared: "If it were not for Harry,
I'd go straight to Nellie and ask her to marry!"
Now, things could not long go on at this rate,
And sad is the sequel I have to relate!
One day, Joe declared he no longer would tarry,
But he'd find out a way to get rid of young Harry.
And Harry, that very same morning, I know,

Had fully determined to get rid of Joe.

It happened they met near sweet Nellie Green's door.
Said Joe to young Harry: "You here? Well, I'm sure!"

Then indignantly answered young Harry to Joe,
"I've as much right as you have to be here, I know!"
"Pooh! pooh!" answered Joe, "I repeat it—pooh,
pooh!"

Do you think that my Nellie would once look at you?"
"Your Nellie!" said Harry, "you talk very fine;
I came here on purpose to claim her as mine!"
"To claim her as yours? Ha, ha, ha! Well, that's
good!"

I suppose you would steal her, sir, if you could!"
"What! you call me a thief? That insult I'll not
brook!"

I call you a coward, for all your proud look!"
The disputants had got very red in the face,
And a crowd of small boys gathered round them apace.
"Give him one in the eye," said a butcher boy then;
"If he gives you a prop, you must prop him again!"
And a printer's boy yelled: "Come on, lads! here's a
fight!"

And the small boys sent up one long shriek of delight.
Then said Harry to Joe: "We shall get in disgrace;
We must fight, sir—aye, fight—but not in this place.
In the morning at six, in the park, over there,
My weapons are pistols. I'm a good shot—beware!"
"Agreed!" answered Joe, "so farewell until then;
I shall order my chop to be ready at ten;
And if I *should* fall, that arrangement will do—
The chop I can't eat will do nicely for you!"
The sun rose next morning as bright as could be,
And shed its warm rays on mountain and lea;
But it shone in one spot with a lustre most fair,
A quiet little nook in the "park, over there."

And up rose our heroes, but not very bright,
As if they had not had a very good night.
And each very slowly began to prepare,
For the little set-to in the park, over there.
At length, rather late, they arrived at the place,
But could scarcely be said to stand face to face;
For, as if he objected his fellow to slay,
Each marksman was turning his optics away.
The pistols were loaded, the seconds were there,
To see that arrangements were carried out fair.
The signal was given; they fired the first shot,
But neither combatant seemed getting it hot!
If the truth I must tell, they fired rather wide;
No wonder at all that their shots glanced aside,
For that's what our heroes had done all the while,
And you know that "a miss is as good as a mile."
They had loaded, I think, for the forty-first time—
But I'll stick to the truth, though it injure my rhyme—
And were just getting ready to pop off again,
When a carriage drove up, and the driver drew rein,
And they saw a young swell and a lady inside,
Sitting there just as cozy as bridegroom and bride.
Now the lady stepped out—just imagine the scene—
That lady was beautiful, sweet Nellie Green!
Poor Harry looked blue and poor Joe he turned black,
And both of them heartily wished themselves back.
Said Nellie: "Ah! gentlemen, what a sad sight,
To see such old cronies now fall out and fight!
I'm ashamed of you both! Put your pistols away,
Confess that this warfare was only in play."
They both looked so sheepish, she said, with a laugh:
"You'll excuse a little innocent chaff,
But how many shots does it take to kill two?
There was quite a dozen, I think, dear, don't you?"
She said to the gentleman standing close by;
And then, with a sly little gleam in her eye,

“I'm happy to hear there are no broken bones——
Oh, this is my husband, Sir Anthony Jones!”
Yes, it was the truth, and could not be denied,
They were what they looked like—a bridegroom and
bride!

While they fought like dogs fighting over some bones,
The prize had been won by Sir Anthony Jones!

MORAL.

Young men who are lovesick, oh, be warned in time,
And mark well the moral of this simple rhyme:
Oh, never get fighting—of pistols beware;
And if you would cook, you must first catch your hare!



TO-MORROW AT TEN.

A NEWPORT IDYL.

NORA PERRY.

[Miss Perry has given to Mr. Robert H. Hatch the exclusive right to publish this poem, outside of her own works.]

HOW the band plays to-night all those lovely
Strauss airs
That I danced here last year, or sat out on the stairs
With Mulready, and Blakesley, and Beresford Brett—
“Little Brett,” he was called by the rest of the set.
Ah! there’s that perfect “Blue Danube;” oh, dear,
How I wish that Mulready or Blakesley were here!
What’s to-day or to-night to the nights that are fled?
What’s the rose that I hold to the rose that is dead?
But speaking of roses reminds me of those
That I wore at the French-frigate ball at the close
Of the season. ’Twas early in breezy September,
Just a little bit coolish and chill, I remember,
But a heavenly fair night; and the band how it played!
And how to its music we waltzed there, and stayed
Deep into the midnight, or morning, before
We thought of departure. That rowing to shore
In the chill and the dark I shall never forget;
At my left hand sat Blakesley, and at my right Brett,
Whispering soft, foolish words—Brett, not Blakesley, I
mean,
For Blakesley was dumb. But under the screen
Of the sea-scented darkness, I saw him quite clear
Kiss the rose that I wore above my left ear.

Ah! as soft on my cheek I felt the light touch
Of his breath as he bent there, my heart beat with such
A wild pulse for a moment, that, giddy and faint,
I turned to the breeze with a sudden complaint
Of the air I found close: and the air was like wine—
A strong western wind from a sky clear and fine.
It was just at that moment our boat came to land,
And I stumbled and fell as I stepped on the sand,
And 'twas Brett's arm that caught me: I never knew
quite,

What I said in that instant; I thought, in the night,
It was Blakesley who held me, and Blakesley, it seems,
Was somewhere behind, and—oh, foolish old dreams
Of that dead and gone time! for what do I care
For the things of last year, its mistakes or despair,
When to-day and to-night show such untroubled skies,
And laid at my feet is the season's great prize
For my taking or leaving; to-morrow at ten,
I'm to give him my answer—this prize amongst men.
Of course I have made up my mind to accept,
And to-night I must burn up that rose I have kept,
And the notes signed "T. B.," and must cease to recall
That foolish old time of the French-frigate ball.
Tom Blakesley, indeed! just as if I should care
For that stupid—hark! there's a step on the stair;
And I told John to-night to say "Not at home,"
To any and all of my friends that might come;
And he's hunting me out with some card he has brought,
The donkey! Now, John—Mr. Blakesley! I thought—
Oh, Tom! Tom! let me go. How can you—how dare!
What! you thought that I chose little Beresford there
That night in the boat and that you—let me go, sir.
You're the stupidest man—a whole year! Don't you
know, sir,

That to-morrow—what's that?—in Egypt and Rome

All this year, and a meeting with Brett sent you home
In hot haste—and 'twas love, love, you say,
And despair that sent you and kept you away?
H'm—well, it may be; but, you see, other men
Have not been so dull; and to-morrow at ten
I'm to give—what is that? You've been ill all this
year?

Come home but to die?—oh, Tom, Tom, my dear,
Not to die, but to live; and I my refusal I'll give
To-morrow at ten; and you, and you'll stay, Tom—
dear—and live?



HIS UNBIASSED OPINION.

GRACE LIVINGSTON FURNISS.

[Published by permission of Miss Grace Livingston Furniss and the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*.]

* * Slightly altered and arranged for public reading
by Robert H. Hatch.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MRS. GATHERUM-JONES, who adores celebrities.

MISS CHESTER DABNEY, who wrote "A Gilded Pill."

MR. CHILLINGSBY BLIGHT, whose opinion is final.

Scene: A flirtation nook, opening from MRS. GATHERUM-JONES's ballroom.

MISS CHESTER DABNEY is discovered peeping through entrance. Music and hum of voices come from off. Enter MRS. G.-J. CHESTER advances to meet her.

MRS. G.-J. *So glad to see you, my dear Chester! So glad!*

CHESTER. *So kind of you! What an alarming crush you have! I was afraid to venture in.*

MRS. G.-J. *I've got quantity—but quality? [With gesture of despair.] Not one new celebrity!*

CH. [*looking off*]. *Isn't that Bangerefsky by the piano?*

MRS. G.-J. *Yes; but he is in a frightful temper, and won't play. What does he fancy I asked him for?*

CH. *What, indeed! But I see—one—two poets, eight novelists, an actor, and three critics. Enough lions to start a menagerie.*

MRS. G.-J. [*pathetically*]. All last season's; and last year's lions are this year's bores. Positively, you and Chillingsby Blight are——

CH. Chillingsby Blight, the critic?

MRS. G.-J. Yes; is it not a triumph? I have told him all about your dear book.

CH. You didn't tell him I wrote "A Gilded Pill?"

MRS. G.-J. Certainly. I have prepared everyone to meet you. Come! [*Takes her arm.*]

CH. [*drawing back*]. I won't—I can't be presented as the author of "A Gilded Pill."

MRS. G.-J. Surely, you are not ashamed of it?

CH. No, only tired of being a tag on my own book. Before I wrote it I had friends. Now, I only make curious acquaintances, who stare, and question, and—and are perfectly horrid.

MRS. G.-J. The penalty of fame. Come, my dear. [*Takes her arm again.*]

CH. [*resisting*]. Please, really I cannot run the gauntlet. I know the process so well. [*Imitating.*] "Who is she? What did *she* do? Soh! soh! 'Gilded Pill.' Oh! not bad-looking—for a literary woman! Next!" No, no!

MRS. G.-J. Nonsense!

CH. Present me as Miss Dabney. *Please*, Mrs. Gatherum-Jones! Let them find out for themselves if I am clever.

MRS. G.-J. How could they? At least—you know what I mean.

[*Enter CHILLINGSBY BLIGHT hurriedly; looks about haggardly.*]

BLIGHT. Peace at last! [*Perceiving ladies.*] No, caught again. [*Bows.*]

MRS. G.-J. [*gushingly*]. Ah, my dear Mr. Blight, I want you to meet this foolish girl——

BL. Charmed. [*Bows.*]

MRS. G.-J. Mr. Blight, my dear Chester, is our most dreaded critic. His word is final, his——

VOICE OFF. Mr. Claude Errol!

MRS. G.-J. [*ecstatically*]. Claude Errol, the author of those naughty, naughty poems! My evening is turning out a success. Pardon! [*Hurries out.*]

BL. [*aside*]. I wonder what she goes in for? [*Aloud.*] You have read Errol's book?

CH. [*severely*]. Certainly not.

BL. [*hopefully*]. Then you are not an advanced woman, Miss—er—pardon, was Chester the name?

CH. My name is Chester. [*Aside.*] He don't know me. Delightful!

BL. And you—er—pardon me again, but Mrs. Gatherum-Jones's guests generally—er—er——

CH. Generally are someone. I can give no excuse for living. I am just a plain, ordinary——

BL. Plain, ordinary, pretty girl. More and more charming.

CH. You object to clever girls?

BL. I prefer fascinating ones. [*Points this with an insinuating look.*]

CH. [*laughing*]. You are clever, are you not?

BL. I must refer you to my obituary notices.

CH. Ridiculous! But, seriously, why don't you like clever women?

BL. Because they are all dead.

CH. Why, don't you know——

BL. I know an army of brightly imitative women in all departments of art. Charming dabblers——

CH. Dabblers! Think of——

BL. Oh, oh! A few exceptions proved the rule—and died in the attempt.

CH. Really!

BL. Angry?

CH. Nò; but I can assure you I know—oh! lots of clever, brilliant, conscientious women.

BL. Which of them has made a new departure in literature?

CH. [*confused*]. Departure?

BL. Yes. Ah, you see! Women are like the Chinese: they imitate with dexterity, execute with celerity, adapt with rapacity, but originate—never.

CH. How crushing! I begin to fear you.

BL. You need not. A womanly woman commands my respectful admiration.

CH. Are brains unwomanly?

BL. Apparently.

CH. Oh!

BL. Every day, some feminine aspirant demands my unbiassed opinion of her book, or my life.

CH. Well?

BL. She gets my life: at least, I shorten it by hunting for something to say.

CH. I should tell her the truth.

BL. Impossible! There are always some pathetic extenuating circumstances in the way. Her work is deplorable, but—she has a sick father, or husband; or she is a gifted widow with ten children, or a consumptive orphan. In short, I cannot give her my unbiassed opinion.

CH. [*nervously*]. There are others. Suppose—just for fun—suppose I had written a novel.

BL. Heaven forbid!

CH. But suppose I had—just for fun—wouldn't you give *me* your unbiassed opinion?

BL. Suppose I did. And suppose—just for fun—that you cried, and called me mōnster?

CH. As if I would! But I am not a clever woman.

BL. The woman who does not publish a book to prove her ignorance, is very clever, negatively.

CH. [*much irritated*]. Please don't fan me! I—I—well, I think women are just as original as men.

BL. They are nicer.

CH. More original.

BL. Name one—alive; dead don't count.

CH. I will. Did you ever read—a—a—"A Gilded Pill?"

BL. Yes.

CH. [*fiercely*]. It is considered to be a new departure.

BL. Oh, yes; the author is like a balky horse—she departs from the beaten track backwards into a ditch.

CH. So that is your unbiassed opinion?

BL. Certainly.

CH. Why didn't you write a criticism and tell her so?

BL. I did. I was almost as funny as I could be. Touched it up in my most sportively sarcastic vein, and then——

CH. And then——

BL. Suppressed it at the request of Mrs. Gatherum-Jones. There is the usual pathetic reason: Miss Dabney is an orphan, and my critique might have injured the sale of her book.

CH. Oh! and I——*Do* tell me what you said, Mr. Blight! I am a very intimate friend of Miss Dabney.

BL. [*taking out note-book*]. Do you care for the flavor of minced friend?

CH. It's mental ice-cream soda to me. Go on! *Please!*

BL. You won't tell her?

CH. [*burlesquing*]. I swear that she shall never know your unbiassed opinion, unless you read it to her yourself!

BL. [*laughing*]. I shall never place myself in such an embarrassing position. Oh, no! [*Opens book.*] I believe she is here to-night.

CH. [*demurely*]. Yes; she is very much here.

BL. [*turning over pages*]. Is she pretty?

CH. No; but she's—she's— Please go on.

BL. [*reading*]. “‘A Gilded Pill’ is a striking example of the useless in fiction—as it is equally false to life and art, and neither amuses nor instructs.”

CH. [*gasping*]. Oh! Oh! Now—go on!

BL. [*reading*]. “It, however, introduces us to an entirely new type of hero——”

CH. [*brightly*]. Yes!

BL. “Who would shine resplendent as a freak, from his remarkable physique. In addition to the conventional marble brow and chiseled lips, Claude Lorraine possesses the torso of Apollo, midnight hair, one cold steel eye, one arm of Hercules, the lope of a tiger, and the fierce temper of his Arabian mother. When we add that he combines the intellect of the village idiot with the morals of a thug, we have simply rounded out Miss Dabney’s portrait of a happily impossible man——”

CH. Ah!

BL. [*folding up book*]. His love scenes are ineffably brutal.

CH. You mean strong.

BL. [*dryly*]. A dog fight is strong.

CH. I mean strong! Ah, I understand now your prejudice against women. You are jealous!

BL. Jealous!

CH. Critics are stunted authors, pickled in disappointment.

BL. Oh, I say——

CH. Revenging their own failures on their successful rivals.

BL. Why make such a personal matter of this ?

CH. [*tragically*]. Why ?

[*Enter* MRS. G.-J.] My dear, you must come. Everyone is simply wild to meet the author of "A Gilded Pill."

BL. [*with agony*]. You wrote it ?

CH. Yes.

BL. Your name is not Chester ?

CH. My name is Chester Dabney.

BL. And I——

MRS. G.-J. You did not know ? What a pity !

CH. [*hysterically*]. Not at all, for—thanks to the misunderstanding—I have had the dubious pleasure of receiving Mr. Blight's unbiassed opinion of my book. Let us go ! [*Exits with* MRS. G.-J.]

BL. [*starting up*]. Miss Dabney ! One moment ! Ah, truth, truth ! Why did you ever leave your well ?



THE NIGHT MAIL NORTH.

EUSTON SQUARE, 1840.

HENRY C. PENNELL.

INTRODUCTION.

AN unfortunate man in Edinburgh was sentenced to be hung. Subsequently it was discovered, within a few hours of his execution, that he was innocent. As he was to die speedily, it was necessary that his pardon should reach Edinburgh before break of day. Telegraphing would have been of no avail, as his pardon, signed by the Home Secretary, should be presented to the prison authorities. Now, every night, from Euston Square Station, in London, are dispatched two trains that are known throughout the kingdom, for their great speed, as the "Wild Irishman" and the "Flying Scotchman," the former for the West of England, the latter for the North and Scotland. Also, at the Station were barriers to prevent the passengers from entering the railway carriages after the signal to start had been sounded. When the whistle for the train to move was heard, the platform gates were closed, and the railway officials inflexibly refused entrance to all late comers, without distinction.

"Now, then, take your seats for Glasgow and the North;
Chester!—Carlisle!—Holyhead!—and the wild Frith
of Forth!
Clap on the steam, and sharp's the word,
You men in scarlet cloth.

“ Are there any more pas—sengers
 For the Night—Mail—to the North ? ”
 Are there any more passengers ?

Yes, three—but they can't get in—
 Too late, too late ! How they bellow and knock !
 They might as well try to soften a rock
 As the heart of that fellow in green.

For the Night Mail North ? What ho—
 (No use to struggle, you can't get thro')
 My young and lusty one—
 Whither away from the gorgeous town ?
 For the lake, and the stream, and the heather
 brown,
 And the double-barrelled gun,
 For the Night Mail North, I say ?

You with the eager eyes—
 You with the haggard face and pale ?
 From a ruined hearth and a starving brood,
 A crime and a felon's gaol !
 For the Night Mail North, old man ?—
 Old statue of despair—
 Why tug and strain at the iron gate ?
 “ My daughter ! ”

Ha ! too late, too late !
 She is gone, you may safely swear ;
 She has given you the slip, d'ye hear ?
 She has left you alone in your wrath—
 And she's off and away, with a glorious start,
 To the home of her choice, with the man of
 her heart,
 By the Night Mail North !

Wh—ish, r—ush, wh—ish, r—ush !
 “ What's all that hullabaloo ? ”

Keep fast the gates there—who is this
That insists on bursting through ? ”
A desperate man whom none may withstand,
For look, there is something clenched in his hand—
Though the bearer is ready to drop—
He waves it wildly to and fro,
And hark ! how the crowd are shouting below—
“ Back ! ”

And back the opposing barriers go.
“ A reprieve for the Cannongate murderer, ho !
In the Queen's name—
Stop !
Another has confessed the crime. ”

Whish—rush—whish—rush—
To the guard he flings the flutt'ring sheet,
Now forward and northward, fierce and fleet,
Through the mist and the dark, and the driving
sleet,
As if life and death were in it ;
'Tis a splendid race—a race against time—
And a thousand to one we win it !

Look at those flitting ghosts—
The white-armed finger-posts—
If we're moving the eighth of an inch, I say,
We're going a mile a minute !
A mile a minute—for life or death—
Away, away ! though it catches one's breath,
The man shall not die in his wrath !
The quivering carriages rock and reel—
Hurrah ! for the rush of the grinding steel,
The thundering crank and the mighty wheel !
A man's life
Saved by the Night Mail North !

OUR LADY OF THE MINE

EUGENE FIELD.

[By permission of Mr. Eugene Field and Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.]

THE Blue Horizon wuz a mine, us fellers all thought
well uv,

'Nd there befell the episode I now perpose to tell uv.

'Twas in the year uv '69, somewhere along in summer,
There hove in sight one afternoon a new 'nd curious
comer.

His name was Silas Pettibone, a artist by perfession,
With a kit uv tools and a big moustache 'nd a pipe in
his possession.

He told us, by our leave, he'd kind uv like to make
some sketches

Uv the snowy peaks, 'nd the foamin' crick, 'nd the
distant mountain stretches.

"You're welkim, sir," sez we, although this scenery
dodge seemed to us

A waste uv time where scenery wuz already sooper-
floo-us.

All through the summer Pettibone kep' busy at his
sketchin';

At daybreak off f'r Eagle Pass, 'nd home at nightfall,
fetchin'

That everlastin' book uv his, with spider lines all
through it.

Three-Fingered Hoover use to say there warn't no
meanin' to it.

"Gol darn a man," sez he to him, "whose shif'less
hand is sot at

A-drawin' hills what's full uv quartz that's pinin' to
be got at."

"Go on," sez Pettibone, "go on if jokin' gratifies ye;
But one uv these fine times I'll show ye somethin' will
surprise ye."

The which remark led us to think—although he didn't
say it—

That Pettibone wuz owin' us a gredge 'nd one day
meant to pay it.

One evenin' as we sot around the Restauran' de Casey,
A-singin' songs 'nd tellin' yarn's the which was some-
what racy

In come that feller Pettibone 'nd sez: "With your per-
mission,

I'd like to put a picture I have made on exhibition."

He sot the picture on the bar 'nd drew aside its curtain,
Sayin', "I reckon you'll allow as how *that's* art, f'r
certain!"

'Nd then we looked, with jaws agape, but nary word
wuz spoken,

'Nd f'r a likely spell the charm uv silence wuz un-
broken,

Till, presently, as in a dream, remarked Three-Fingered
Hoover:

"Unless I am mistaken, this is Pettibone's shef doo-
ver!"

It wuz a face—a human face—a woman's, fair 'nd
tender,

Sot gracefully upon a neck white as a swan's 'nd
slender;

The hair wuz kind uv sunny 'nd the eyes wuz sort uv
dreamy,

The mouth wuz half a-smilin' 'nd the cheeks wuz soft
'nd creamy;

It seemed like she wuz lookin' off into the West out
yonder,

'Nd seemed like while she looked we saw her eyes grow
softer, fonder,

Like lookin' off into the West, where mountain mists
wuz fallin',

She saw the face she longed to see 'nd heerd his voice
a-callin'.

"Hooray!" we cried, "a woman in the camp uv Blue
Horizon!

Step right up, Colonel Pettibone, 'nd nominate your
pizen!"

A curious situation—one deserving uv your pity—

No human livin' female thing this side uv Denver City,
But just a lot uv husky men that lived on sand 'nd
bitters,

Do you wonder that a woman's face consoled the lone-
some critters?

'Nd not one but what it served in some way to remind
him

Uv a mother or a sister or a sweetheart left behind him;
'Nd some looked back on happier days, 'nd saw the old-
time faces

'Nd heerd the dear familiar sounds in old familiar
places—

A gracious touch uv home. "Look here," sez Hoover,
"everbody

Quit thinkin' 'nd perceed at onct to name his fav'rite
toddy!"

It wuzn't long afore the news had spread the country
over

'Nd miners came a-flockin' in like honey-bees to clover.
It kind uv did 'em good, they said, to feast their hungry
eyes on

That picture uv Our Lady in thê Camp uv Blue
Horizon.

But one mean cuss from Nigger Crick passed criticisms
on 'er—

Leastwise we overheard him call her Pettibone's Ma-
donner,

The which we did not take to be respectful to a lady,
So we hung him in a quiet spot that wuz cool 'nd dry
'nd shady;

Which same might not have been good law, but it wuz
the right manœuvre

To give the critics due respect for Pettibone's shef
doover.

Gone is the camp—yes, years ago the Blue Horizon
busted,

'Nd every mother's son uv us got up one day 'nd
dusted,

While Pettibone perceeded East with wealth in his pos-
session,

'Nd went to Yurrap, as I heerd, to study his per-
fession.

So, like as not, you'll find him now a-paintin' heads 'nd
faces

At Venus, Billy, Florence, and the like I-talyun places,
But no sech face he'll paint again as at old Blue Horizon.

For I'll allow no sweeter face no human soul sot eyes on;
'Nd when the critics talk so grand uv Paris 'nd the
Loover,

I say, "Ah, but you orter seen the Pettibone shef
doover."

THE FIREMAN'S WEDDING.

W. A. EATON

WHAT are we looking at, guv'nor ?
Well, you see that carriage and pair ?
It's a wedding—that's what it is, sir ;
And ar'n't they a beautiful pair ?

They don't want no fashionable music,
There's the fireman's band come to play ;
It's a fireman that's going to get married,
And you don't see such sights every day !

They're in the church now, and we're waiting
To give them a cheer as they come ;
And the grumbler that wouldn't join in it
Deserves all his life to go dumb

They won't be out for a minute,
So if you've got time and will stay,
I'll tell you right from the beginning
About this 'ere wedding to-day.

One night I was fast getting drowsy,
And thinking of going to bed,
When I heard such a clattering and shouting,
"That sounds like an engine !" I said.

So I jumped up and opened the window :
"It's a fire, sure enough, wife !" says I ;
For the people were running and shouting,
And the red glare quite lit up the sky.

I kicked off my old carpet-slippers,
And on with my boots in a jiff ;

I hung up my pipe in the corner
Without waiting to have the last whiff.

The wife, she just grumbled a good'un,
But I didn't take notice of that.
For I on with my coat in a minute,
And sprang down the stairs like a cat!

I followed the crowd, and it brought me
In front of the house in a blaze;
At first I could see nothing clearly,
For the smoke made it all of a haze.

The firemen were shouting their loudest,
And unwinding great lengths of hose;
The "peelers" were pushing the people,
And treading on everyone's toes.

I got pushed with some more in a corner,
Where I couldn't move, try as I might;
But little I cared for the squeezing
So long as I had a good sight.

Ah, sir, it was grand! but 'twas awful!
The flames leaped up higher and higher;
The wind seemed to get underneath them,
Till they roared like a great blacksmith's fire!

I was just looking round at the people,
With their faces lit up by the glare,
When I heard someone cry, hoarse with terror,
"Oh, look! there's a woman up there!"

I shall never forget the excitement,
My heart beat as loud as a clock;
I looked at the crowd; they were standing
As if turned to stone by the shock.

And there was the face at the window,
With its blank look of haggard despair—

Her hands were clasped tight on her bosom,
And her white lips were moving in prayer.

The staircase was burnt to a cinder,
There wasn't a fire-escape near;
But a ladder was brought from a builder's,
And the crowd gave a half-frightened cheer.

The ladder was put to the window,
While the flames were still raging below;
I looked, with my heart in my mouth, then,
To see who would offer to go!

When up sprang a sturdy young fireman,
As a sailor would climb up a mast:
We saw him go in at the window,
And we cheered as though danger were passed.

We saw nothing more for a moment,
But the sparks flying round us like rain:
And then, as we breathlessly waited,
He came to the window again.

And on his broad shoulder was lying
The face of that poor, fainting thing,
And we gave him a cheer as we never
Yet gave to a prince or a king.

He got on the top of the ladder—
I can see him there now, noble lad!
And the flames underneath seemed to know it,
For they leaped at that ladder like mad.

But just as he got to the middle,
I could see it begin to give way.
For the flames had got hold of it now, sir!
I could see the thing tremble and sway.

He came but a step or two lower,
Then sprang, with a cry, to the ground;
And then, you would hardly believe it,
He stood with the girl safe and sound.

I took off my old hat and waved it:
I couldn't join in with the cheer,
For the smoke had got into my eyes, sir,
And I felt such a choking just here.

And now, sir, they're going to get married,
I bet you, she'll make a good wife:
And who has the most right to have her?
Why, the fellow that saved her young life!

A beauty! ah, sir, I believe you!
Stand back, lads! stand back! here they are!
We'll give them the cheer that we promised,
Now, lads, with a hip, hip, hurrah!



MY SHIP.

ADELAIDE TROWBRIDGE.

[By permission of the author.]

WILL there never dawn a morning
When my tear-dimmed eyes shall see
A flash of snowy canvas
As my ship comes home to me?
When my heart shall leap with gladness,
And the captive be set free?
For the amulet of freedom
My ship will bring to me.

I am weary, oh, so weary,
Watching for a tardy sail,
And I scan the far horizon
Till both heart and vision fail.
A priceless freight she carries,
This bark upon the sea,
And the treasures in her keeping
Are of untold worth to me.
Great pearls of hope and comfort,
All the jewels of the mind,
All the fondest dreams I cherish,
With her fate are intertwined!

But the choicest of her blessings,
The rarest and the best,
Will be the gift she brings me,—
The matchless gift of—Rest.
Rest from the ceaseless fever,
From the fret and jar of life;
Rest from grinding toil and sorrow,

From the turmoil and the strife
A folding of tired, weary hands
Upon an aching breast.
Dear God! how sweet once more to taste
The honey-dew of—Rest!
I do not ask for riches,
Or a life of selfish ease;
I am but a weary woman,
I shall not be hard to please.

But the days go by, and never,
On the far horizon-line,
Do I catch the distant shining
Of a sail that should be mine.
And the years are slipping from me,
As I watch and wait in vain
For a bark whose magic outlines
I may never see again.
Then I try to summon courage,
And patiently to wear
The thorny crown of sorrow
And the heavy cross I bear;
For a phantom ship will bear me
Erelong unto my rest,
And its prow will glide in beauty
'Mid the islands of the blest!
Yet at morn, at noon, at midnight,
My vigil still I keep,
And my hungry eyes are watching
For that ship across the deep.

ALFRED EVELYN'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS LIFE.

FROM THE PLAY "MONEY."

BULWER.

* * Abridged and arranged for recitation by Robert
H. Hatch.

INTRODUCTION.

THE scene takes place at the house of Alfred Evelyn, in London, between himself and his friend Graves.

Graves, of all my new friends—and now their name is legion—you are the only one that I can make my confidant, the only one that I esteem! Left fatherless when yet a boy, my mother grudged herself food to give me education. Now, someone has said that "learning is better than house and lands." That was a lie, Graves; but on the strength of that lie I was sent to college, a—sizer. Graves, do you know what a sizer is? Well, in pride he's a gentleman, in knowledge a scholar, but he crawls about amidst gentlemen and scholars with the livery of a pauper on his back!

Well, time passed on. In a small way I became somewhat distinguished, took some of the great prizes, had hopes of a high degree, leading to a Fellowship. That meant an independence for me, a home for my mother. One day, however, a young lord who was connected with the college deliberately insulted me. I retorted. He struck me, refused apology, refused redress. Why, *I* was a sizer, a pariah, a thing to be struck; but, sir, I was also a man, and I took my

revenge in the hall, before the eyes of the whole college! A few days went by. The lord's chastisement was forgotten, but the next week the sizer was expelled; the career of a life—blasted! That, my dear Graves, is the difference between the rich and the poor. It takes a whirlwind to move one, a breath may uproot the other.

I came to London. As long as my mother lived, I had someone to work for, and I did work, did strive to be something yet; but, somehow, after she died my spirit broke, and I almost ceased to care what became of me. And thus, at last, I became the poor relation, the hanger-on, and gentlemanly lackey of Sir John Vesey. But I had an object in that. There was one in that house whom I loved—Clara Douglass. Not an hour before I inherited this mighty wealth I confessed my love and was rejected, because—I was poor! Would she accept me now? Perhaps. But do you think that I am so base a slave to passion that I would accept for my gold what was denied to my affection? Ah, no! A marriage to which each may bring sober esteem and calm regard may not be happiness, but it may be content; but oh, Graves, to marry one whom you could adore, and whose heart is closed against you, to yearn for the treasure only to claim the casket, to marry the statue that you could never warm into life—such a marriage would be a hell more terrible because Paradise was so near!

Graves, I tell you I hate that girl! But—I've had my revenge! Now mark! You remember the letter that Sharpe gave me when the will was read? Well, I've bribed him to say that that letter contained a codicil leaving to Clara Douglass twenty thousand pounds! Did it? No, it didn't tell me to leave her a farthing; but I've done it, Graves, I've done it; and to the man whom she rejected in his degradation and poverty—she owes it to me, Graves, she owes it to me!

BY THE TURRET STAIR.

A. D. 1200.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

[By permission of Mr. Clinton Scollard.]

R UN, run! little page, tell your lady fair
That her lover waits by the turret stair;
That the stars are out and the night wind blows
Up the garden path from the crimson rose—
Run! run! little page!

Haste! haste! little page, ere the round moon's rim
Peeps over yon hedge of the forest dim,
And the breeze has died which seems to bear
The scent of the rose from the trellis there—
Haste! haste! little page!

Soft! soft! little page, lest her sire may guess,
By her look of fear and of fond distress,
That he hides in the night by the turret stair
Who would steal from his bower the flower so fair—
Soft! soft! little page!

List! list! little page, to that faint footfall
Far away in the depths of the vaulted hall!
Is it echo alone, or a mournful moan
Borne out from those ghostly walls of stone?
List! list! little page!

See! see! little page, who stands in white
All clad in the pale and changing light!
Is't an angel? Ay, 'tis my lady fair,

And she hastes to her love down the turret stair—
See! see! little page!

Farewell! little page, far away, away,
Through the still black night to the dawn of day,
My lady so sweet and I must fare
Till we reach the foot of *my* turret stair—
Farewell! little page!



ON THE STAIRS.

GEORGE TRIMBLE DAVIDSON.

[By permission of Mr. George T. Davidson.]

I NEVER did care for the lancers
But last night at the Vanderton's ball,
When he led me aside from the dancers
To sit out a set in the hall,
I did very wrong in permitting
Such proceedings, for Auntie declares
A girl causes gossip by sitting
Through dances with men on the stairs.
Of course, there's no harm in the practice,
Which, in truth, has made many a match;
It depends who's the man, and the fact is
Poor Jim's not exactly a catch.

But nothing could really be nicer.
Dear Auntie had gone from our ken,
Whither supper is sure to entice her
With a lot of those horrid old men,
So we sought out a spot on the landing,
Where the lights in the hallway burned dim,
And a palm with wide branches was standing;
In its shadow I lingered with Jim,
And the sound of the music came swelling
From the door of the ballroom below,
And Jim for the tenth time was telling
Me something too silly, you know.

It's so foolish of him to admire me,
And yet he's so good and so wise
That his ideals of women inspire me

With a wish to seem well in his eyes.
Since ever the first day he met me,
He says he has loved me, although
It were better, of course, to forget me,
Since I cannot accept him, you know.
We all have our crosses to carry,
And I, so dear Aunty declares,
Must make a great match when I marry,
Hence her horror of Jim and the stairs.

Jim's manner is very convincing;
He's so earnest and honest and strong;
With him there's no halfway, no mincing
Of words to make right out of wrong.
Simple pleasures he thinks are far sweeter
Than the smartest of functions can be,
And avows that no joy is completer
Than love in a cot by the sea.
How nice it would be if poor Jim were
But the poorest of poor millionaires!
Aunty's views might relax as to him, were
Her niece then to sit on the stairs!

Well, I sat there in silence and listened
To the words that he poured in my ear;
In his eyes there was something that glistened
At times, very much like a tear.
If ever a man spoke divinely
Jim then spoke divinely to me—
Of his love, of my life—how supinely
We consent to what ought not to be.
He spoke of the love that he bore me,
How he longed to protect, to withhold
My life from the future before me
Should I wed not for love, but for gold.

I sat through that dance and another,
Till I quite for the moment forgot
To say that I'd let him be brother
To me, or some other such rot,
When Aunty loomed up on the landing
And the look that came into her eyes,
As Jim would say, "brought us up standing."
It was scarcely a jolly surprise;
And Jim as he bade me good-bye, then,
Looked so foolish that Aunty declares,
On her niece she can always rely when
I sit with a man on the stairs!



COMING HOME.

ALFRED BERLYN.

A ROUND the cottage sweeps the northern blast,
Icy and shrill; the giant, leafless elms,
That tower above the village, moan and bow,
Trembling before the fierce, relentless gale;
And the thick snowflakes at their silent work
Are swiftly hiding with a spotless robe
The brown-thatched cottage roof. Beneath that roof,
Sad and alone, this bitter Christmas eve,
An old man sits. His head droops on his breast,
And, with a steadfast eye that seems to read
Past memories or future mysteries
In the red glow, he gazes in the fire.
As a quick dancing gleam now and again
Starts up, and plays around his silvery hair,
The furrowed brow, the wan and wasted cheek,
The dull, sad eye, the bent, enfeebled form,
Proclaim with mute and piteous eloquence
The gnawing anguish of a breaking heart.
And still he sits, and still he gazes on,
As though the fire held all he loved on earth.

All that he loves? He has no one to love.
His thoughts are in the past, and as he looks,
He sees between the bars a Christmas eve
Ten dreary years ago—it seems to him
Ten centuries—when he, poor, broken wretch,
Was light of heart as any man on earth;
The happy husband of a loving wife,
The doting father of an only child.

And eighteen years of peace and joy had passed,
His fairy child the sunshine of his home;
Eighteen bright years of roseate happiness,
Without one cloud to dim his sunny life.

Then the dark shadow of the coming doom
Fell o'er his house—and yet he knew it not.
Honest and trusting, open as the day,
Holding man's honor dearer than his life,
Could he read "Villain" in the smiling face
Of that glib youth who won his daughter's love?
And when the mother's heart was stirred with doubt
And vague forebodings of some coming ill,
He answered, laughing, "Never fear, good wife;
Marry above her station? What of that?
Our Mary's sweet enough to wed an earl.
Trust me, the young squire's lucky winning her!"

And so his foolish dream went on and on,
Until that awful morn when he awoke
To learn the tidings of her shameful flight,
And gaze upon the wreck of love and home.
Blow followed blow. His poor, heart-broken wife,
Crushed by her erring daughter's load of shame,
Sickened and drooped; and all within the month,
Died, with her lost child's name upon her lips,
And he was left alone. And as he crept
Back from her grave to what was once his home,
His heart was hardened; with a fearful oath
He cursed alike betrayer and betrayed,
And raising up his hand toward the sky,
"May God abandon me in death," he cried,
"If ever I look upon her face again!
Though she were starving at my very door,
May God's curse seize me if I succor her!"
Ten years ago—ten dreary years ago.

Louder and louder blows the chilling blast,
Moaning and sighing through the leafless trees;
Closer the old man cowers o'er the fire,
Spreading his hands toward the dancing flame.
"A fearful night!" he mutters; then he thinks
Of his grim oath, and wonders is she dead.
"May God abandon me—" Hark! what was that?
Nothing—the wind was howling round the door,
And moved the latch a little. But that cry?
Like a stone statue sat the old man there,
His heart like ice, his face the hue of death.
Again that cry. Hush! 'twas a woman's voice
That mingled with the howling of the wind.
"Father!" A mighty trembling seized the man.
But still he answered not. Faint came the cry,
"Father, have pity on me; let me in!"
And still the old man trembled more and more;
But still he answered not. Loud shrieked the blast,
Like some lost spirit in eternal woe;
And, as its wailing rang louder round the house,
Once more the cry came faintly from the door:
"Father, I'm dying—I, your only child!
Forgive me! Pity me! Oh, take me home!"
And then a fierce convulsion shook the man;
With a half sob he staggered to his feet,
And turned toward the door; but even then
He started back, and, throwing up his hands,
"My oath! my oath!" he cried and sinking down,
He stopped his ears, and crushed his bleeding heart,
And sat and gazed and gazed into the fire.

The night wore on; the embers sank and died;
The wind howled ever fiercely round the house,
But all besides were still; the cry had ceased.
In the dark chamber motionless he sat,
Shutting his eyes against the moaning blast.

Alone ? No, not alone ; for as he sat,
A spirit seemed to pass before his eyes,
And through the gloom he saw his dead wife's face,
Sad and reproachful, gazing into his ;
And as she passed, a deep and mournful voice
Stole through the fast-closed portals of his ears :
"Too late for mercy now ; our child is dead !"
And then the mighty torrent of remorse,
Bursting the floodgates of his anguished soul,
Washed out the crimson record of his oath ;
And with a cry that froze upon his lips,
He started to his feet and gained the door ;
An awful terror whispered at his heart,
And the dread words rang loud within his ears :
"Too late ! too late ! our child is dead—dead—dead !"
He tore the iron fastenings from the door,
And flung it wide ; and, as the shrieking wind
Rushed in triumphant with its snowy freight,
Across the threshold fell a frozen corpse !

He spoke no word ; he never uttered cry,
But, clasping his dead child against his breast,
He sank and fell beside the open door.
And his worn soul went forth to meet his child,
And kindly death joined hand in hand for aye,
The storm their requiem, and their shroud the snow.
And when the morning came, and Christmas bells
Rang out glad tidings of great joy to men,
They knelt for mercy at that open door
Where the great Father of forgiving love
Welcomes His erring children's coming home.

THE RIDE.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

[By permission of Mr. Clinton Scollard.]

WE rose in the clear, cool dawning, and greeted
the eastern star;

“To saddle!”—our shout rang sharply out by the huts
of Kerf Hawâr.

The dervish slept by the wayside, the dog still dozed by
the door,

No *yashmaked* maid with her water jar bent low by the
swift stream’s shore.

The poplar leaves, as we mounted, turned white in the
veering wind,

And the icy peak of Hermon shone pyramidal behind.

We had looked on the towers of Hebron, and seen the
sunlight wane

Over Zion’s massive citadel, and Omar’s holy fane;

We had passed with pilgrim footsteps over Judah’s rocks
and rills,

And seen the anemone torches flare on the Galilean
hills.

But our eager hearts cried, “Onward!—beyond are the
fairest skies;

Where rippling Barada silvers down, the bower of the
prophet lies.”

So we plunged through the tranquil twilight, ere the
sun rolled grandly up,

And brimmed the sky with its amber as Lebanon wine
a cup;

We dashed down the bare brown *wadys*, where echo
cried from the crag;
There was never a hoof to linger, and never a foot to
lag;
We raced where the land lay level, and we spurred it,
black and bay;
Then the crimson bud of the morning flowered full into
dazzling day.

The dim, dark speck in the distance grew green and
broad and large,
And lo! a minaret's slender spear on the line of its
northern marge.
Then oh, what a cheer we lifted, and oh, how we for-
ward flew,
And oh, the balm of the greeting breeze that out from
the gardens blew!
And now we rode in the shadow of boughs that were
blossom-sweet,
While the gurgle of crystal waters rilled up through the
swooning heat.

Pink were the proud pomegranates, a rosy cloud to the
sight,
And the fluttering bloom of the orange was white in
the zenith light;
And sudden, or ever we dreamed it, did the orchards
give apart,
And there was the bowered city with the flood of its
orient heart;
There was the endless pageant that surged through the
arching gate—
There was the slim Bride's Minaret, and the ancient
"street called Straight."

And now that the ride was ended, there was rest for
man and beast;

For our trusty steeds there was shelter, and grain for a
goodly feast;
For us there were growing marvels, and a wonder-
wealth untold
In the opulent glow of the daytime, in night with its
moon of gold.
For sherbet and song and roses, with a love-smile flashed
between,
Recur like the beat of a measure in the life of a Damas-
cene.
We will rise in dreams, beloved, by the gleam of the
morning star,
And ride to the pearl of cities from the huts of Kerf
Hawâr.



KEENAN'S CHARGE.

CHANCELLORSVILLE, MAY, 1863.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

[By permission of Mr. George P. Lathrop and Messrs. Chas. Scribner's Sons,
from Mr. Lathrop's "Dreams and Days."]

THE sun had set;
The leaves with dew were wet;
Down fell a bloody dusk
On the woods, that second of May,
Where Stonewall's corps, like a beast of prey,
Tore through, with angry tusk.

"They've trapped us, boys!"
Rose from our flank a voice.
With a rush of steel and smoke
On came the rebels straight,
Eager as love and wild as hate;
And our line reeled and broke;

Broke and fled.
No one stayed—but the dead!
With curses, shrieks, and cries,
Horses and wagons and men
Tumbled back through the shuddering glen,
And above us the fading skies.

There's one hope still,—
Those batteries parked on the hill!
"Battery, wheel!" ('mid the roar)
"Pass pieces; fix prolonge to fire
Retiring. Trot!" In the panic dire
A bugle rings "Trot"—and no more.

The horses plunged,
The cannon lurched and lunged,

To join the hopeless rout.
But suddenly rode a form
Calmly in front of the human storm,
With a stern, commanding shout :

“ Align those guns ! ”
(We knew it was Pleasonton's.)
The cannoneers bent to obey,
And worked with a will at his word :
And the black guns moved as if *they* had heard.
But ah, the dread delay !

“ To wait is crime ;
O God, for ten minutes' time ! ”
The General looked around.
There Keenan sat, like a stone,
With his three hundred horse alone—
Less shaken than the ground.

“ Major, your men ? ”—
“ Are soldiers, General. ” “ Then,
Charge, Major ! Do your best :
Hold the enemy back, at all cost,
Till my guns are placed ;—else the army is lost.
You die to save the rest ! ”

By the shrouded gleam of the western skies,
Brave Keenan looked in Pleasonton's eyes
For an instant,—clear, and cool, and still ;
Then, with a smile, he said : “ I will. ”
“ Cavalry, charge ! ” Not a man of them shrank.
Their sharp, full cheer, from rank on rank,
Rose joyously, with a willing breath,
Rose like a greeting hail to death.
Then forward they sprang, and spurred and clashed ;
Shouted the officers, crimson sashed ;
Rode well the men, each brave as his fellow,
In their faded coats of the blue and yellow ;

And above in the air, with an instinct true,
Like a bird of war their pennon flew.

With a clank of scabbards and thunder of steeds,
And blades that shine like sunlit reeds,
And strong brown faces bravely pale
For fear their proud attempts shall fail,
Three hundred Pennsylvanians close
On twice ten thousand gallant foes.

Line after line the troopers came
To the edge of the wood that was ringed with flame;
Rode in and sabered and shot—and fell;
Nor came one back his wounds to tell.
And full in the midst rose Keenan, tall
In the gloom, like a martyr awaiting his fall,
While the circle-stroke of his sabre, swung
Round his head like a halo there, luminous hung.
Line after line, ay, whole platoons,
Struck dead in their saddles, of brave dragoons
By the maddened horses were onward borne
And into the vortex flung, trampled and torn;
As Keenan fought with his men, side by side.
So they rode, till there were no more to ride.

But over them, lying there, shattered and mute,
What deep echo rolls?—'Tis a death-salute
From the cannon in place; for, heroes, you braved
Your fate not in vain—the army was saved!

Over them now,—year following year,—
Over their graves, the pine-cones fall,
And the whippoorwill chants his spectre call;
But they stir not again; they raise no cheer:
They have ceased, but their glory shall never cease,
Nor their light be quenched in the light of peace.
The rush of their charge is resounding still
That saved the army at Chancellorsville.

LASCA.

F. DESPREZ.

I WANT free life and I want fresh air ;
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,
The crack of the whips like shots in battle,
The mellay of horns, and hoofs, and heads
That wars, and wrangles, and scatters, and spreads ;
The green beneath and the blue above,
And dash and danger, and life and love,
And Lasca ! Lasca used to ride
On a mouse-gray mustang, close to my side,
With blue *serape* and bright-belled spur ;
I laughed with joy as I looked at her !
Little knew she of books or creeds ;
An Ave Maria sufficed her needs ;
Little she cared, save to be by my side,
To ride with me, and ever to ride,
From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide.
She was as bold as the billows that beat,
She was as wild as the breezes that blow ;
From her little head to her little feet
She was swayed, in her suppleness, to and fro
By each gust of passion ; a sapling pine,
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,
And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,
Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.
She would hunger that I might eat,
Would take the bitter and leave me the sweet ;
But once, when I made her jealous for fun,
At something I'd whispered, or looked, or done,
One Sunday, in San Antonio,
To a glorious girl on the Alamo,

She drew from her garter a dear little dagger,
And—sting of a wasp!—it made me stagger!
An inch to the left or an inch to the right,
And I shouldn't be maundering here to-night;
But she sobbed, and sobbing, so swiftly bound
Her torn *reboso* about the wound
That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

Her eye was brown,—a deep, deep brown;
Her hair was darker than her eye;
And something in her smile and frown,
Curled crimson lip, and instep high,
Showed that there ran in each blue vein,
Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,
The vigorous vintage of old Spain.
Then why did I leave a life so free?
Listen a while and you shall see.

The air was heavy, the night was hot,
I sat by her side, and forgot—forgot;
Forgot the herd that were taking their rest;
Forgot that the air was close opprest,
That the Texas norther comes sudden and soon,
In the dead of the night or the blaze of noon;
That once let the herd at its breath take fright,
And nothing on earth can stop the flight;
And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,
Who falls in front of their mad stampede!
Was that thunder? No, by the Lord!
I sprang to my saddle without a word.
One foot on mine, and she clung behind.
Away! on a hot chase down the wind!
But never was fox-hunt half so hard,
And never was steed so little spared.
For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him on;
There was one chance left, and you have but one—
Halt, jump to ground, and shoot your horse;
Crouch under his carcass, and take your chance;
And if the steers, in their frantic course,
Don't batter you both to pieces at once,
You may thank your star; if not, good-bye
To the quickening kiss and the long-drawn sigh,
And the open air and the open sky,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The cattle gained on us, and, just as I felt
For my old six-shooter, behind in my belt,
Down came the mustang, and down came we,
Clinging together, and—what was the rest?
A body that spread itself on my breast,
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,
Two lips that hard on my lips were pressed;
Then came thunder in my ears
As over us surged the sea of steers,
Blows that beat blood into my eyes,
And when I could rise—
Lasca was dead!

I gouged out a grave a few feet deep,
And there in Earth's arms I laid her to sleep;
And there she is lying, and no one knows,
And the summer shines and the winter snows;
For many a day the flowers have spread
A pall of petals over her head;
And the little gray hawk hangs aloft in the air,
And the sly coyote trots here and there,
And the black snake glides, and glitters, and slides
Into the rift in a cotton-wood tree;
And the buzzard sails on,
And comes and is gone,

Stately and still like a ship at sea.
And I wonder why I do not care
For the things that are like the things that were.
Does half my heart lie buried there
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?



COUSINS.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

HAD you ever a cousin, Tom?
Did your cousin happen to sing?
Sisters, we've all by the dozen, Tom,
But a cousin's a different thing;
And you'd find if you ever kissed her, Tom,
(But let this be secret between us,)
That your lips would have been in a blister, Tom,
For they're not of the sister genus.

There is something, Tom, in a sister's lip,
When you give her a good-night kiss,
That savors so much of relationship
That nothing occurs amiss;
But a cousin's lip—if you once unite
With yours in the quietest way—
Instead of sleeping a wink that night
You'll be dreaming all the next day.

And people think it no harm, Tom,
With a cousin to hear you talk,
And no one feels any alarm,
At a quiet cousinly walk.
But, Tom, you'll soon find, what I happen to know,
That such walks often grow into straying,
And the voices of cousins are sometimes so low,
Heaven only knows what they are saying!

And then there happens so often, Tom,
Soft presses of hands and fingers,
And looks that were moulded to soften,

And tones on which memory lingers;
And long e'er your walk is half over, the strings
Of your heart are put all into play
By the voice of those fair, demi-sisterly things,
In not quite the most brotherly way.

And the voice of a sister may bring to you, Tom,
Such tones as the angels woo;
But I fear if your cousin should sing to you, Tom,
You'd take her for an angel, too.
For so curious a note is that note of theirs
That you'll fancy the voice that gave it,
Has been all the while singing the national airs,
Instead of the Psalms of David!

I once had a cousin that sung, Tom,
And her name may be nameless, now;
But the sound of those songs is still young, Tom,
Though we are no longer so.
'Tis folly to dream of a bower of green
When there is not a leaf on the tree;
But, 'twixt walking and singing, that cousin has
been—
God forgive her!—the ruin of me!

And so I don't care much for society, Tom,
And lead a most anchorite life;
For I've loved myself into sobriety, Tom,
And out of the wish for a wife.
But oh! if I said but half what I might say,
So sad were the lesson 'twould give
That 'twould keep you from loving for many a day,
And from cousins—as long as you live!

MARQUETTE.

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

[Some time ago *The World* published an account of the gallant work of the crew of the life-saving station at the mouth of the Keweenaw Point Canal, on Lake Superior, in rescuing 24 seamen, whose lives were in peril, near Marquette, 110 miles away from the station. The article referred to was extensively copied, and called forth columns of praise for the service in general and for this crew in particular. Supt. Kimball has recently received from Detroit the following poem in relation to the event from the pen of Rose Hartwick Thorpe, the author of "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night."]

THE storm king rode on a raging blast;
With his strong right hand he smote the vast
Green sea, and its foam-capped billows sprang
To the sky's blue dome. Its hoarse voice rang
Muffled and deep, like the knell of doom.
The morning came through the spray-drenched gloom
And passed with her icy garments wet
O'er far Marquette.

A stir in the streets, a sudden thrill,
A sound of voices now low, now shrill,
And people rush from their firesides warm;
They crowd, they struggle against the storm.
They scan the waters with troubled eyes,
They see two wrecks; they hear faint cries:
"Help, help, oh, help!" And a wild regret
Sweeps all Marquette.

Now over the wire a message flies:
"Come to the rescue!" it wildly cries.
"Come with a life-boat so stanch and strong,
Come, come though the miles were twice as long;

All the track is yours." Now, mothers, pray,
For more than a hundred miles away
That call is heard. Hope, linger yet:
Kneel, all Marquette.

O engineer, guide your steed aright!
O iron horse, speed your onward flight!
Thou soldier of death, be brave, be strong!
Blow, winds of heaven! and haste along
The message of hope: "We come, we come!"
Like rushing whirlwind with roar and hum,
E'er daylight wanes or the sun shall set
O'er far Marquette.

Brave saviors of life, the deed is done!
The fight is fought, the victory won.
Now the whole world reads with startled breath
Of that fearful ride to conquer death.
How an iron steed ran a winning race,
While a hundred miles dissolved in space.
The world applauds, nor will soon forget
Thy tale, Marquette.



HER ANSWER.

ALL day long she held my question
In her heart;
Shunned my eyes that craved an answer,
Moved apart;
Touched my hand in good-night greeting,
Rosier grew—
Should I leave to-morrow? Early?
Then adieu!
Bent her head in farewell courteous,
Onward passed,
While a cold hand gripped my heart-strings—
Held them fast.
Still I waited, still I listened;
All my soul
Trembled in the eyes that watched her
As she stole
Up the stairs with measured footsteps;
But she turned,
Where a lamp in brazen bracket
Brightly burned,
Showed me all the glittering ripples
Of her hair,
Veiled her eyes in violet shadows—
Glimmered where
Curved her mouth in soft compliance
As she bent
Toward me from the dusky railing
Where she leant.
Ah! my love . . . One white hand wanders
To her hair,

Slowly lifts the rose that nestles
Softly there;
Breathes she in its heart my answer,
Shyly sweet,
And Love's message mutely flutters
To my feet.



UNE MARQUISE.

A RHYMED MONOLOGUE IN THE LOUVRE.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

[By permission of Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co.]

AS you sit there at your ease,
O Marquise!
And the men flock round your knees
Thick as bees,
Mute at every word you utter,
Servants to your least frill flutter
Belle Marquise!
As you sit there growing prouder,
And your ringed hands glance and go,
And your fan's *frou-frou* sounds louder,
And your "*beaux yeux*" flash and glow,—
Ah, you used them on the painter
As you know,
For the Sieur Larose spoke fainter,
Bowing low,
Thanked madame and heaven for mercy
That each sitter was not Circe,
Or at least he told you so;—
Growing proud, I say, and prouder
To the crowd that come and go,
Dainty deity of powder,
Fickle queen of fop and beau,
As you sit where lustres strike you
Sure to please,
Do we love you most or like you,
Belle Marquise?

You are fair—oh, yes, we know it
 Well, Marquise!
 For he swore it, your last poet,
 On his knees;
 And he called all heaven to witness
 Of his ballad and its fitness,

Belle Marquise!

You were everything in ère
 (With exception of *sévère*);
 You were *cruelle* and *rebelle*,
 With the rest of rhymes as well;

You were “*Reine*,” and “*Mère d’Amour*;”
 You were “*Vénus à Cythère*;”

“*Sappho mise en Pompadour*;”
 And “*Minerve en Parabère*;”

You had every grace of heaven

In your most angelic face,
 With the nameless finer leaven
 Lent of blood and courtly grace;

And he added, too, in duty,
 Ninon’s wit and Boufflers’ beauty;
 And La Vallière’s *yeux veloutés*

Followed these;
 And you liked it when he said it
 On his knees,

And you kept it and you read it
Belle Marquise!

Yet with us your toilet graces
 Fail to please,
 And the last of your last faces,
 And your *mise*;

For we hold you just as real,
Belle Marquise,

As your *Bergers* and *Bergères*,
Iles d’Amour and *Batelières*;

As your *parcs*, and your Versailles,
Gardens, grottoes, and *rocailles*;
As your naiads and your trees;—
Just as near the old ideal

Calm and ease,
As the Venus there, by Coustou,
That a fan would make quite flighty,
Is to her the gods were used to,—

Is to grand Greek Aphrodité,
Sprung from seas.

You are just a porcelain trifle,

Belle Marquise!

Just a thing of puffs and patches,
Made for madrigals and catches,
Not for heart wounds, but for scratches,

O Marquise!

Just a pinky porcelain trifle,

Belle Marquise!

Wrought in rarest *rose-Dubarry*,
Quick at verbal point and parry,
Clever, doubtless,—but to marry,
No, Marquise!

For your Cupid, you have clipped him,
Rouged and patched him, nipped and snipped him,
And with *chapeau-bras* equipped him,

Belle Marquise!

Just to arm you through your wife-time,
And the languors of your lifetime,

Belle Marquise!

Say, to trim your toilet tapers,
Or to twist your hair in papers,
Or to wean you from the vapors;—

As for these,

You are worth the love they give you,
Till a fairer face outlive you,

Or a younger grace shall please;
Till the coming of the crows' feet
And the backward turn of beaux' feet,

Belle Marquise!

Till your frothed-out life's commotion
Settles down to Ennui's ocean,
Or a dainty sham devotion,

Belle Marquise!

No; we neither like nor love you,

Belle Marquise!

Lesser lights we place above you;
Milder merits better please.

We have passed from *Philosophe*-dom

Into plainer modern days,

Grown contented in our oafdom,

Giving grace not all the praise;

And, *en partant*, *Arsinôë*—

Without malice whatsoever—

We shall counsel to our Chloë

To be rather good than clever.

For we find it hard to smother

Just one little thought, Marquise!

Wittier, perhaps, than any other—

You were neither wife nor mother,

Belle Marquise!



THE STORY OF GINEVRA.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

* * Abridged and arranged for recitation by Robert.
H. Hatch.

[By permission of Miss Susan Coolidge and Messrs. Roberts Bros.]

It was long years since,
I left my father's house, a bride in May.
You know the house, beside St. Andrea's church,
Gloomy and rich, which stands and seems to frown
On the Mercato, humming at its base,
And hold on high, out of the common reach,
The lilies and carved shields above its door;
And higher yet to catch and woo the sun,
A little *loggia* set against the sky?
That was my play-place ever as a child!
And with me used to play a kinsman's son,
Antonio. Ah, dear days! with none to chide,
Or hint that life was anything but play.

Sudden the play-time ended. All at once
"You must be wed," they told me. "What is wed?"
I asked; but with the word I bent my brow,
Let them put on the garland, smiled to see
The glancing jewels tied about my neck;
And so, half-pleased, half-puzzled, was led forth
By my grave husband, older than my sire.
Oh the long years that followed! It would seem
That the sun never shone in all those years,
Or only with a sudden, troubled glint
Flashed on Antonio's curls, as he went by
Doffing his cap, with eyes of wistful love
Raised to my face.

Were we so much to blame? Our lives had twined
Together, none forbidding, for so long.
They let our childish fingers drop the seed,
Unhindered, which should ripen to tall grain;
They let the firm, small roots tangle and grow,
Then rent them, careless that it hurt the plant.
Life was all shadow, but it was not sin!
I loved Antonio, and he loved me.

It was hard
To sit in darkness while the rest had light,
To move to discords when the rest had song.
To be so young and never to have lived.
I bore, as women bear, until one day
Soul said to flesh, "This I endure no more,"
And with the word uprose, tore clay apart,
And what was blank before grew blanker still.

It was a fever, so the leeches said.
I had been dead so long, I did not know
The difference or heed. Oil on my breast,
The garments of the grave about me wrapped,
They bore me forth and laid me in the tomb,
The rich and beautiful and dreadful tomb,
Where all the buried Amieris lie,
Beneath the Duomo's black and towering shade.

It was night, when I awoke to feel
That deadly chill, and see by ghostly gleams
Of moonlight, creeping through the grated door,
The coffins of my fathers all about.
Strange, hollow clamors rang and echoed back,
As, struggling out of mine, I dropped and fell.
With frantic strength I beat upon the grate.
It yielded to my touch. Some careless hand
Had left the bolt half-slipped.

Dead or alive I issued, scarce sure which.
High overhead Giotto's tower soared;
Behind, the Duomo rose all white and black;
Then pealed a sudden jargoning of bells,
And down the darkling street I wildly fled.
I had no aim, save to reach warmth and light
And human touch; but still my witless steps
Led to my husband's door, and there I stopped,
By instinct, knocked, and called.

A window oped.

A voice—'twas his—demanded: "Who is there?"
"'Tis I, Ginevra." Then I heard the tone
Change into horror, and he prayed aloud
And called upon the saints, the while I urged,
"Oh, let me in, Francesco; let me in!
I am so cold, so frightened, let me in!"
Then with a crash, the window was shut fast;
And, though I cried and beat upon the door
And wailed aloud, no other answer came.

Weeping, I turned away, and feebly strove
Down the hard distance towards my father's house.
"They will have pity and will let me in,"
I thought. "They loved me and will let me in."
Cowards! At the high window overhead
They stood and trembled, while I plead and prayed:
"I am your child, Ginevra. Let me in!
I am not dead. In mercy, let me in!"
"The holy saints forbid!" declared my sire.
My mother sobbed and vowed whole pounds of wax
To St. Eustachio, would he but remove
This fearful presence from her door. Then sharp
Came click of lock, and a long tube was thrust
From out the window, and my brother cried,
"Spirit or devil, go! or else I fire!"
Where should I go? Back to the ghastly tomb

And the cold confined ones? Up the long street,
Wringing my hands and sobbing low, I went.
My feet were bare and bleeding from the stones;
My hands were bleeding too;
So wild and strange a shape
Saw never Florence since.
The sleeping houses stood in midnight black,
And not a soul was in the streets but I.

At last I saw a flickering point of light
High overhead, in a dim window set.
I had lain down to die; but at the sight
I rose, crawled on, and with expiring strength
Knocked, sank again, and knew not even then
It was Antonio's door by which I lay.

A window opened, and a voice called out:
“*Qui è?*” “I am Ginevra.” And I thought,
“Now he will fall to trembling, like the rest,
And bid me hence.” But lo! a moment more
The bolts were drawn, the doors were opened, and arms
whose very touch
Was life, lifted and clasped and bore me in.
“O ghost or angel of my buried love,
I know not, care not which, be welcome here!
Welcome, thrice welcome, to this heart of mine!”
I heard him say, and then I heard no more.

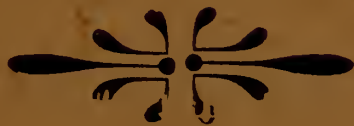
It was high noontide when I woke again,
To hear fierce voices wrangling by my bed,—
My father's and my husband's; for, with dawn,
Gathering up valor, they had sought the tomb,
Had found me gone, and tracked my bleeding feet
Over the pavement to Antonio's door.
Dead, they cared nothing; living, I was theirs.
Hot raged the quarrel; then came Justice in,
And to the court we swept—I in my shroud—
To try the cause.

This was the verdict given :

“A woman who has been to burial borne,
Made fast and left and locked in with the dead ;
Who at her husband's door has stood and plead
For entrance, and has heard her prayer denied ;
Who from her father's house is urged and chased,
Must be adjudged as dead in law and fact.
The Court pronounces the defendant—dead !
She can resume her former ties at will,
Or may renounce them, if such be her will.
She is no more a daughter or a spouse,
Unless she choose, and is set free to form
New ties if so she choose.”

O blessed words !

That very day we knelt before the priest,
My love and I, were wed, and life began again.



EDUCATIONAL COURTSHIP.

SHE was a Boston maiden, and she'd scarcely passed
eighteen,
And as lovely as a houri, but of grave and sober mien,
A sweet encyclopædia of every kind of lore,
Though love looked coyly from behind the glasses that
she wore.

She sat beside her lover, with her elbow on his knee,
And dreamily she gazed upon the slumbering summer
sea,

Until he broke the silence, saying: "Pray, Minerva
dear,

Inform me of the meaning of the Thingness of the
Here.

I know you're just from Concord, where the lights of
wisdom be,

Your head crammed full to bursting, love, with their
philosophy—

These hoary headed sages and maids of hosiery blue—

Then solve me the conundrum, love, that I have put to
you."

She smiled a dreamy smile and said: "The Thingness
of the Here

Is that which is not passed and hasn't yet arrived, my
dear;

Indeed," the maid continued, with a calm, unruffled
brow,

"The Thingness of the Here is just the Thisness of the
Now."

A smile illumined the lover's face, and then, without
any haste,

He slid a manly arm around the maiden's slender waist,
And on her cherry lips impressed a warm and loving
kiss,

And said: "Love, this is what I call the Nowness of
the This."

LANGLEY LANE.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

IN all the land, range up, range down,
Is there ever a place so pleasant and sweet
As Langley Lane in London town,
Just out of the bustle of square and street ?
Little white cottages, all in a row,
Gardens where bachelor's buttons grow,
Swallows' nests in roof and wall,
And up above the still blue sky
Where the woolly white clouds go sailing by—
I seem to be able to see it all !

For now, in summer, I take my chair,
And sit outside in the sun, and hear
The distant murmur of street and square,
And the swallows and sparrows chirping near ;
And Fanny, who lives just over the way,
Comes running many a time each day,
With her little hand's touch so warm and kind ;
And I smile and talk, with the sun on my cheek,
And the little live hand seems to stir and speak,—
For Fanny is dumb, and I am blind.

Fanny is sweet thirteen, and she
Has fine black ringlets and dark eyes clear ;
And I am older by summers three.

Why should we hold one another so dear ?
Because she cannot utter a word,
Nor hear the music of bee or bird,
The water-cart's splash or the milkman's call ;
Because I have never seen the sky,

Nor the little singers that hum and fly,
Yet know she is gazing upon them all.

For the sun is shining, the swallows fly,
The bees and the blue-flies murmur low;
And I hear the water-cart go by,
With its cool splash-splash, down the dusty row;
And the little one close at my side perceives
Mine eyes upraised to the cottage eaves,
Where birds are chirping in summer shine,
And I hear, though I cannot look; and she,
Though she cannot hear, can the singers see,—
And the little soft fingers flutter in mine!

Hath not the dear little hand a tongue,
When it stirs on my palm for the love of me?
Do I not know she is pretty and young?
Hath not my soul an eye to see?
'Tis pleasure to make one's bosom stir,
To wonder how things appear to her.
That I only hear as they pass around;
And as long as we sit in the music and light,
She is happy to keep God's sight,
And *I* am happy to keep God's sound.

Why, I know her face though I am blind;
I made it of music long ago,—
Strange large eyes, and dark hair twined
Round the pensive light of a brow of snow;
And when I sit by my little one,
And hold her hand, and talk in the sun,
And hear the music that haunts the place,
I know she is raising her eyes to me,
And guessing how gentle my voice must be
And *seeing* the music upon my face.

Though if ever the Lord should grant me a prayer,
(I know the fancy is only vain),

I should pray just once, when the weather is fair,
To see little Fanny, and Langley Lane;
Though Fanny, perhaps, would pray to hear
The voice of the friend that she holds so dear,
The song of the birds, the hum of the street,—
It is better to be as we have been,
Each keeping up something unheard, unseen,
To make God's heaven more strange and sweet.

Ah, life is pleasant in Langley Lane!
There is always something sweet to hear,—
Chirping of birds, or patter of rain,
And Fanny, my little one, always near.
And though I am weakly and can't live long,
And Fanny, my darling, is far from strong.
And though we can never married be,
What then, since we hold one another so dear
For the sake of the pleasure one cannot hear,
And the pleasure that only one can see?



AUX ITALIENS.

OWEN MEREDITH.

* * As recited by Robert H. Hatch.

[There is the suggestion of a mystery about the poem of "Aux Italiens." Did she come back to life, or was it only a dream? It perplexed a friend of mine to that extent that he wrote to Owen Meredith and asked him the question. Lord Lytton in his answer intimated that it was certainly the happier thought to believe that she really did come back.—R. H. H.]

AT Paris it was, at the Opera there,
And she looked like a queen in a book, that
night,

With the wreath of pearls in her raven hair
And the brooch on her breast, so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote
The best, to my taste, is the *Trovatore*;
And Mario can soothe with a tenor note
The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow;
And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low:
"*Non ti scordar d'i me!*"

Well! there in our front-row box we sat
Together, my bride betrothed and I;
My gaze was fixed on my opera hat
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent and both were sad.
Like a queen, she leaned on her full white arm,

With that regal, indolent air she had,
So confident of her charm!

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good soul that he was!
Who died the richest and roundest of men,
The Marquis of Carabas.

Meanwhile I was thinking of my first love
As I had not been thinking of aught for years,
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
When we stood 'neath the cypress trees together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather.

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot)
And her warm, white neck in its golden chain,
And her full, soft hair, just tied in a knot
And falling loose again;

And the jasmine flower in her fair, young breast,
(Ah, the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine flower!)
And the one bird singing alone in his nest.
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
And the letter that brought me back my ring,
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing.

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress tree stands over;
And I thought: "Were she only living still,
How I could forgive her and love her!"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things were best,

That I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint and it smelt so sweet
It made me creep and it made me cold!
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
When a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned and looked—she was sitting there
In a dim box, over the stage, and drest
In that muslin dress, with that full, soft hair,
And that jasmine in her breast!

I was here, and she was there,
And the glittering horse-shoe curved between—
To my early love from my future bride
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door,
I traversed the passage; and down at her side
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be expressed,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead and she is not wed!
But she loves me now, and she loved me then!
And the very first words that her sweet lips said,
My heart grew youthful again.

The Marchioness there, of Carabas,
She is wealthy and young and handsome still,
And but for her . . . well, we'll let that pass—
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face, for old things are best;
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch on my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And love must cling where it can, I say;
For beauty is easy enough to win,
But one isn't loved every day.

And I think in the lives of most women and men,
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven.

But oh, the smell of that jasmine flower!
And oh, that music! and oh, the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower

“*Non ti scordar di me,*
Non ti scordar di me!”



PLATONIC.

WILLIAM B. TERRETT.

I HAD sworn to be a bachelor, she had sworn to be a
maid,
For we both agreed in doubting whether matrimony
paid.
Besides, I had my higher aims, for science filled my
heart,
And she said ner young affections were all wound up in
art.
So we laughed at those wise men who say that friend-
ship cannot live
'Twixt man and woman, unless each has something else
to give.
We would be friends, and friends as true as e'er were
man and man;
I'd be a second David and she Miss Jonathan.
We'd like each other, that was all, and quite enough to
say,
So we just shook hands upon it in a business sort of way.
We shared our sorrows and our joys, together hoped
and feared,
With common purpose sought the goal which young
ambition reared.
We dreamed together of the days, the dream-bright
days to come,
We were strictly confidential, and called each other
"chum;"
And many a day we wandered together o'er the hills—
I seeking bugs and butterflies, and she the ruined mills,
And rustic bridges and the like, which picture-makers
prize,
To run in with their waterfalls, and groves, and sunny
skies.

And many a quiet evening, in hours of full release,
We floated down the river, or loafed beneath the trees,
And talked in long gradation, from the poets to the
weather,

While the summer skies, and my cigar burned slowly
out together.

But through it all no whispered word, or tell-tale look,
or sigh

Told aught of warmer sentiment than friendly sym-
pathy.

We talked of love as coldly as we talked of nebulae,
And thought no more of being one than we did of being
three.

"Well, good-bye, old fellow!" I took her hand, for
the time had come to go;

My going meant our parting, when to meet we did not
know.

I had lingered long and said farewell with a very heavy
heart,

For though we were but friends, you know, 'tis hard
for friends to part.

"Well, good-bye, old fellow, don't forget your friends
across the sea,

And some day, when you've lots of time, just drop a
line to me."

The words came lightly, gaily, but a great sob just
behind

Rose upward with a story of quite a different kind;

And then she raised her eyes to mine, great, liquid
eyes of blue,

Full to the brim and running o'er, like violet cups with
dew;

One long, long look, and then I did what I never did
before,—

Perhaps the tear meant friendship, but I think the kiss
meant more.

PLAYING CHESS.

WE sat beneath the chandelier,
Its splendor streaming o'er us,
The gilded chessmen lying near,
The chess-board placed before us.

“Shall we grow gray before we play?”
Cried blue-eyed Cousin Lily.
“Don't sit there in that stupid way,
It makes you look so silly!”

I set the board. “Now, Cousin Lil,
What say you to investing
A little cash? You know it will
Just make it interesting.”

“Who ever money risks,” she cried,
“On such a game as this is?”
“Well, then, not money,” I replied,
“Let's play—let's play for—kisses!”

She blushed, she laughed, and tossed her head,
And then, “How many, cousin?”
And laughing merrily, I said,
“I'll play for—*forty dozen!*”

The game began with heedful care.
We marshalled all our forces;
Kings, queens, and bishops all were there,
And knights—at least their horses.

Though ever as we played away
My cousin's hope grew slighter;
Yet after every losing play
She smiled and blushed the brighter.

And when at last the game was done,
This game for stakes so funny,
When I these funny stakes had won,
More precious far than money,
Why, then—but no, I'll hold my hand;
I will not tell it—never!
I swore to keep it secret, and
I will for aye and ever.



JOHN.

I STAND behind his elbow chair.
My soft hands rest upon his hair—
Hair whose silver is dearer to me
Than all the gold of earth could be,
And my eyes of brown look tenderly down
On John, *my* John.

The firelight leaps and laughs and warms,
Wraps us both in its ruddy arms—
John, as he sits in the heart-glow red,
Me, with my hands on his dear old head,
Encircling us both like a ring of troth,
Me and my John.

His form has lost its early grace,
Wrinkles rest on his kindly face;
His brow no longer is smooth and fair,
For time has left his autograph there;
But a noble prize, in my loving eyes
Is John, *my* John.

“My love,” he says, and lifts his hands,
Browned by the suns of other lands,
In tender clasp on mine to lay:
“How long ago was our wedding-day?”
I smile through my tears, and say: “Years and
years,
My John, *dear* John.”

We say no more; the firelight glows;
Both of us muse on what—who knows?
My hands drop down in a mute caress
Each throb of my heart is a wish to bless
With my life's best worth the heart and the hearth
Of John, *my* John.

JUST LIKE A MAN.

“WHY don't you get married, Johnny, my boy ?
Why don't you get married, Jack ?

Be a citizen good and a churchman strong,
Go home early nights and you won't go wrong ;

A good wife is just what you lack.
It's a terrible shame for a fellow like you
To have lodgings for one—on a top floor, too !”

“Start in on a fresh cigar, my boy,
And put your heels up on a chair,
And I'll tell you a few of my reasons for **this**
Avoidance of all matrimonial bliss—

Don't give such a dubious stare !
Because you are happily married, you see,
Is no reason good, why yours truly should be.

“The ladies are quite too flirtatious, my boy ;
I see them pass by on the street ;
Their jewels are dazzling, and so are their eyes,
Their wardrobes are costly and that will comprise

The most of the women you meet.
Their seal cloaks are heavy, though laces be thin,
And how do I know what the heart is within ?

“And what should I do with my friends, my boy—

My jolly, bright bachelor friends ?
'Twould change the whole way of my life, of course,
And perhaps the gray mare might become the best
horse ;

With Hymen good fellowship ends.
No, I think I'll stick to my rooms and my punch,
My pipe, and my cronies, and midnight lunch.

“ And besides, deep down in my heart, my boy,

There's a picture—'tis wondrous fair—

Of a beautiful girl in the years ago—

My sweet little sweetheart, don't you know ?

Let's take a walk out in the air.

She died in my arms, and she's now in the skies—

Confound the dust! How it blows in my eyes!”



HOLLY LEAVES.

THE holly was full of berry, the winter was hard
and white,
As white as my girl-wife's face, and as hard as our life's
long fight.
"It will sell all the better," she said, as she kissed me
a faint good-bye,
And I gathered the scant rags round her, and went
with a tear-dimmed eye.
No fire in the rusted grate—chill cheer for our Christmas
eve!
And I left her, to wheel out the holly, though bitterly
loth to leave.
It was brought from the far, white woods, near the
cottage where Polly was born;
Twenty long miles I had trudged with it only that same
bleak morn.
But the shining red berries were thick on it, showing so
ruddily warm,
That I left just one scarlet spray on her pillow. Her
frost-pinched form
Shook 'neath the tattered quilt; but she said: "I feel
cosey and well,
And I never saw holly so fine, Tom; 'twill sell, dear,
I'm sure it will sell."
"Holly—ho! Holly—ho! Holly—ho!" Oh, I shouted
and smiled with the best,
And I chaffed with the jovial chafferers, longing for
midnight and rest.
Yet the pennies came slowly in; but at last, when the
throng had grown thin,
There passed me a portly old fellow, wool-swathed to his
round, red chin.

Was he caught by the gleam of the berries—my face's
cold trouble? Who knows?
But he turned and he bought the whole lot. What a
laugh to my lips arose!
The thought of the glisten of Polly's dark eyes drew me
on, hot and swift,
Till my scant breath failed, and I reeled, as the latch I
was ready to lift.
And I burst in, singing the strain, "Oh, this life is
jolly, most jolly!
It is Christmas morning, my girl, and I've sold every
bit of our holly,
Save the spray on your pillow, my pet! Let me kiss
your poor cheeks as red."
And I stooped, with my heart at my lips, almost happy
—and Polly was dead!



ENGAGED.

MUTE the music of the fiddle
When we wandered to the door;
Must have been about the middle
Of the night, or maybe more.
Every poising of her face let
Loose the rhapsodies of love;
Every movement of her bracelet,
Or her glove.

After each adieu was bidden,
Leisurely we took our leave;
One white hand was half-way hidden
In a corner of my sleeve.
Foolishly my fancy lingers!
Still what can a captive do?
Just the pressure of her fingers
Thrilled me through.

Spoke we of the pleasant dances,
Costumes, supper, and the wine;
Gossiped of the stolen glances;
Guessed engagements, mentioned mine.
Some old sorrow to her eye lent
Tears that trickled while we talked,
And I found her growing silent
As we walked.

My engagement? Queer, why stupid
People peddle little lies!
Here beside me cunning Cupid
Shot his arrows from her eyes.
In my heart a twinge, and flutter
Followed fast each dart he dealt,

And my tongue tried hard to utter
What I felt.

Standing near the polished newel
With the gas turned very low,
Conscience seemed to whisper, "Cruel!
Tell the truth before you go."
So my courage, getting firmer,
Set her doubtings all aright!
Tiny hands came with the murmur,
"Now, good-night!"

'Twas the same delicious lisp heard
At the dance—a merry strain!
True the voice now softly whispered—
True she let her hands remain
In my own, as if in token
Of some wish in sweet eclipse,
Cherished lovingly, unspoken
By her lips.

Long-lashed eyelids gently drooping,
Face suffused with scarlet flush,
Told the secret as I, stooping,
Kissed the roseleaf of her blush.
Like some happy, sunny island
In a sea of joy was I;
Quick she turned her face to smile, and
Said, "Good-bye!"

When we met the morning after,
Blithe as any bird was she;
Music mingled with her laughter,
Every word was love to me.
So the genial Mrs. Grundy,
Seeing how our hearts are caged,
Tells the truth at church next Sunday:
"They're engaged!"

THE SURPRISE.

EVELYN BAKER HARVIER.

A GARDEN and a fountain
And a maiden 'neath the trees,
The bright ribbons on her bonnet
Floating in the summer breeze.
Her face was almost hidden
By a fan she gently waved.
How I long to stand beside her
In the green grass as it swayed!

Ah, happy thought! I bounded forward,
Pressed my hands upon her eyes.
"Nay, dear! Do not speak, I pray you,
Let me give a glad surprise.
For weeks and months I've loved you,
Longed for place to tell you so;
Hear me out, and do not chide me,
Shall I stay, or shall I go?"

A drooping head, a gentle sigh
And a soft gloved hand in mine,
With its pressure seemed to answer:
"Yes, my love, I will be thine."
I threw myself before her,
"Is my answer to be yes?
Tell me, dearest, tell me quickly,
If with truth I make my guess?"

A quiver, and a murmur,
But the fan still hid her face,
As I gently drew her to me,
With a lover's fond embrace.
"I love you!" came her answer,
But her voice seemed like a taunt,
With one look, I fled before her—
'Twas my sweetheart's maiden aunt.

A WHIFF OF VIOLETS.

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

WHEN Gwendoline pinned in my coat to-night
A cluster of violets blue,
The sweet, subtle scent through my senses went,
Bringing a vision of you.
In a moment I lived again the past,
Ere I'd grown so worldly wise;
Away rolled the years, and through the hot tears
I dared not brush from my eyes,

I saw you again, my love, oh my love!
With your tenderly smiling face.
Gwen ran up the stair—you came and stood there,
Then crept to my close embrace.
I kissed you once more; the old, wild thrill
Shot over me riotously.
“Jack,” called my wife, “did you e’er in your life
Love a woman as well as me?”

With a guilty start I looked quickly round—
Sweet ghost, you had quietly gone;
And Gwen, tall and fair, came down the long stair
Humming the waltz from “Nanon.”
I flecked the ashes from my cigar,
“No, dear,” with a sigh I said—
A sigh for the hours which those wee, blue flowers
Brought back from a past long dead.

A WOODLAND SKETCH.

[Presented to Mr. Robert H. Hatch, by Mr. Burr McIntosh.]

THEY strolled along through the wood together,
A manly youth and a maiden fair,
Gathering leaves in the autumn weather,
Tinted with colors both rich and rare.

He said: "You are much like the autumn leaf,
With your cheeks of red and your hair of gold;
And your heart, the frost that the leaf receives
Ere its hues are seen, for your heart is cold.

The maiden answered: "It may be so,
You have known me long and perhaps know best;
But the frozen leaf soon thaws, you know,
After 'tis gathered and properly pressed."

A VALENTINE.

GEORGE R. SIMS.

I STOOD at Rimmel's window, and I saw that there
were signs
That the festival approaching was the bold St. Valen-
tine's;
There were lots of little Cupids in a cloud of dainty
lace,
They were podgy in the stomach, they were chubby in
the face!
And a dicky-bird I noticed, in its beak a little ring,
Just the bird to drop the present in a lady's hand and
sing.
Then I suddenly remembered that the worthy Mrs. D.
Last year had very kindly sent a valentine to me.
So I stepped up to the counter, and a smiling maiden
brought
All the best of the collection, thinking one of them I
sought.
"For a sweetheart," said she, coyly, "here's a beauti-
ful design;"
'Twas a fan with painted roses, and the legend, "I am
thine."
"No, it isn't for a sweetheart, but my wife," I shyly
said.
Back that damsel put the boxes, and she tossed her little
head,
Crying: "Oh, I beg your pardon!" while she smiled
at the mistake:
"*That's* the sort of thing you want, sir—*it's the cheap-
est one we make!*"

THEY WENT A-FISHING.

ONE morn when Spring was in her teens,
A morn for a poet's wishing,
All tinted in delicate pinks and greens,
Miss Bessie and I went fishing.

I with my rod, my reel, and my hooks,
And a basket for lunching recesses,
And she with the net of her smiling looks
And the seine of her golden tresses.

I with my rough and easy clothes,
And my face at the sunshine's mercy,
And she with hat tipped down to her nose,
And her nose tipped vice versa.

So we sat down on the sunny dike,
Where the white pond-lilies teeter,
And I went a-fishing like quaint old Ike,
And she like Simon Peter.

All the day I lay in the light of her eyes,
And dreamily watched and waited;
But the fish were cunning and would not rise,
And the baiter alone, was baited.

When the time for departure came,
The bag was as flat as a flounder;
But Bessie had neatly hooked her game,
A hundred and eighty pounder.

THE FIGHT AT LOOKOUT.

R. L. CARY, JR.

HERE, sit ye down 'longside of me; I'm getting old
and gray;
But something in the paper, boy, has riled my blood
to-day.

To steal a purse is mean enough, the most of men agree;
But stealing reputation seems a meaner thing to me.

A letter in *The Herald* says some generals allow
That there wa'n't no fight where Lookout rears aloft its
shaggy brow;

But this coat-sleeve swinging empty here beside me, boy,
to-day
Tells a mighty different story in a mighty different
way.

When sunbeams flashed o'er Mission Ridge that bright
November morn,

The misty cap on Lookout's crest gave tokens of the
storm;

For grim King Death had draped the mount in grayish,
smoky shrouds,—

Its craggy peaks were lost to sight above the fleecy
clouds.

Just at the mountain's rocky base we formed in serried
lines,

While lightning with its jagged edge played on us from
the pines;

The mission ours to storm the pits 'neath Lookout's
crest that lay:

We stormed the very "gates of hell" with Fighting
Joe that day.

The mountain seemed to vomit flames; the boom of heavy
guns

Played bass to Dixie's music, while a treble played the
drums;

The eagles, waking from their sleep, looked down upon
the stars

Slow climbing up the mountain's side with morning's
broken bars.

We kept our eyes upon the flag that upward led the
way,

Until we lost it in the smoke on Lookout's side that day;
And then like demons loosed from hell we clambered up
the crag,

"Excelsior" our motto, and our mission "Save the
flag!"

In answer to the rebel yell we gave a ringing cheer;
We left the rifle-pits behind, the crest loomed upward
near;

A light wind playing 'long the peaks just lifted Death's
gray shroud;

We caught a gleam of silver stars just breaking through
the cloud.

A shattered arm hung at my side that day on Lookout's
crag,

And yet I'd give the other now to save the dear old
flag.

The regimental roll when called on Lookout's crest that
night

Was more than doubled by the roll Death called in
realms of light.

Just as the sun sank slowly down behind the mountain's
crest,
When mountain-peaks gave back the fire that flamed
along the west,
Swift riding down along the ridge upon a charger white
Came "Fighting Joe," the hero now of Lookout's
famous fight.

He swung his cap as tears of joy slow trickled down his
cheek,
And as our cheering died away the general tried to
speak.
He said, "Boys, I'll court-martial you—yes, every man
that's here;
I said to take the rifle-pits"—we stopped him with a
cheer,—
"I said to take the rifle-pits upon the mountain's edge,
And I'll court-martial you because—because you took
the ridge!"

Then such a laugh as swept the ridge where late King
Death had strode!
And such a cheer as rent the skies, as down our lines he
rode!
I'm getting old and feeble; I've not long to live, I
know;
But there was a fight at Lookout—I was there with
Fighting Joe!

So them generals in *The Herald* they may reckon and
allow
That there wa'n't no fight at Lookout on the mountain's
shaggy brow;
But this empty coat-sleeve swinging here beside me, boy,
to-day
Tells a mighty different story in a mighty different way.

A FRANK LETTER.

AH, Countess Clare, as I sat last night
In your long, luxurious room,
Where globes of amber and crimson burned
'Mid banks of the rarest bloom,—
A breeze from the Land of Memory blew,
And the perfume to me stole
From a cluster of roses, pink and sweet,
In a dark blue china bowl.
You looked a queen in your violet silk,
With your breast in a foam of lace,
And a diamond star in your golden hair—
A queen in your high-bred grace!
But I saw the veil of the Past divide,
And the seasons backward roll,
And a slender girl in a muslin gown
Bend over the china bowl.
The ivory white of your satin cheek
Grew roseate for my sake;
Your eyes looked love and your lips were ripe
With kisses for me to take.
But I turned away from your jewelled arms,
For I thought of a sunny knoll
Where the roses grew on their thorny stalks
For the quaint old china bowl.
So, gay coquette, you will wait to-night
On the terrace in vain for me,
For I shall go back to my sweet first love
Far over the turquoise sea;
To my sweet first love in the muslin gown
As white as her spotless soul,
And the roses growing in sun and dew
For the dark blue china bowl.

DEDICATION.

PART II.

TO

MURIEL MARJORIE HATCH.

WITH THE LOVING HOPE THAT HER TALENT,
NOW IN THE BUD, MAY BLOSSOM INTO FULLEST FLOWER.

PART TWO

[All selections in Part II have been used by arrangement with or special permission of the authors and publishers.]

PREFACE.

There is really no need of a Preface to Part II of my little volume, were it not for the fact that it gives me an excuse to offer my sincere thanks, to the public generally, for their patronage through the years, in making necessary several editions of the original work. I can only hope the added material may meet with their approval. I am indebted to many kind friends for their interest and suggestions, particularly to Dr. John H. Finley, Alfred Noyes, Haryot Holt Day, Elise West Quaife, Edith Wharton, Louis K. Anspacher, E. W. Hornung, Robert Service, Herbert Kaufmann, Adjutant Farrington, Debbie H. Silver and many others, and the many publishers of the authors who so kindly gave me permission to use the poems and manuscript selections. All this is much more than I deserve, and these few words do not half express my gratitude and appreciation to the public at large.

September, 1921.

ROBERT H. HATCH.

YOU AND YOU.

TO THE AMERICAN PRIVATES IN THE GREAT WAR.

EDITH WHARTON.

EVERY one of you won the war—
You and you and you—
Each one knowing what it was for,
And what was his job to do.

Every one of you won the war,
Obedient, unwearied, unknown,
Dung in the trenches, drift on the shore,
Dust to the world's and blown,
Every one of you, steady and true
You and you and you—
Down in the pit or up in the blue,
Whether you crawled or sailed or flew,
Whether your closest comrade knew
Or you bore the brunt alone.

You from the pulpit, you from the mine,
You from the factories, you from the banks,
Closer and closer, ranks on ranks,
Airplanes and cannon, and rifles and tanks,
Smith and Robinson, Brown and Jones,
Ruddy faces or bleaching bones,
After the turmoil and blood and pain
Swinging home to the folds again
Or sleeping alone in the fine French rain—
Every one of you won the war.

Every one of you won the war—
You and you and you—
Pressing and pouring forth, more and more.

Toiling and straining from shore to shore
To reach the flaming edge of the dark
Where man in his millions went up like a spark,
You, in your thousands and millions coming,
All the sea ploughed with you, all the air
 humming,
All the land loud with you,
All our hearts proud with you,
All our souls bowed with the awe of your
 coming!

Where's the Arch high enough,
Lads, to receive you,
Where's the eye dry enough,
Dears, to perceive you,
When at last and at last in your glory you come
Tramping home?

Every one of you won the war—
You and you and you—
You that carry an unscathed head,
You that halt with a broken tread
And oh, most of all, you Dead, you Dead!

Lift up the gates for these that are last,
That are last in the great Procession.
Let the living pour in, take possession,
Flood back to the city, the ranch, the farm,
The church and the college and mill,
Back to the office, the store, the exchange,
Back to the wife with the babe on her arm,
Back to the mother that waits on the sill
And the supper that's hot on the range.

But now, when the last of them all are by,
Be the Gates lifted up on high
To let those others in,
Those Others, their brothers, that softly tread,

That come so thick, yet take no ground,
That are so many, yet make no sound,

Our Dead, Our Dead, Our Dead!
O silent and secretly-moving throng,
In your fifty thousand strong,
Coming at dusk when the wreaths have dropt
And streets are empty, and music stopt
Silently coming to hearts that wait
Dumb in the door and dumb at the gate,
And hear your step and fly to your call—
Every one of you won the war,
But you, you Dead, most of all!

THE FACE OF HIM.

ELLA P. HATCH.

I N the winter, in the summer, 'mongst the people that I
meet,
Many faces pass before me—faces young and old I greet;
Faces bright and full of vigor, full of life and hope and
vim—
But in memory's thought how poorly all these shine com-
pared to him.

In the winter, in the summer, like to ships that pass at
night
(Hail each other in the passing and from each pass out of
sight),
So the faces, gay and joyful, and the faces sad and dim,
Only serve to keep before me just one face—the face of
him.

In the winter, in the summer, meet I many, meet I few,
Am I always very busy, have I nothing much to do,
'Mid the faces, ever changing (call it fancy, call it whim),
Still my thought is ever turning to the well-loved face of
him.

And the time seems weary, weary, and the waiting long
and sad,
For there's only one I look for—one that makes my poor
heart glad.
In the present and the future, in the times that once have
been,
But one face I watch and look for—only one—the face
of him.

COMRADES OF THE MIST.

LOUIS K. ANSPACHER.

[Copyright, 1919, National Committee.]

THE mist and the night can blot away
The tangle of things that perplex the day;
And the big essentials stand out stark:
For everything else is lost in the dark.

The sheer essentials bulk out clear,
In shapes of confidence or of fear,
Silhouetted against the infinities
Of the night and the mist and the lonely seas.

The thundering, sundering seas have brought
High souls together,—heroes who fought
Under the compass of the same star,
Through the weltering chaos of this war.

The land has made comrades in trench and field,
Of men who flung out their lives as a shield
To protect the weak oppressed by the strong,
And vindicate right that was menaced by wrong.

Things of the land can be talked of: but we,
Of the mist and the night and the mystic sea,
Have seen a vision deeper than speech,
On horizons broader than words can reach.

We've seen Britain's fleet riding side by side
With America's fleet on every tide,
Constant as stars in their steady patrol
Of the seven wide seas from pole to pole.

Silently watchful, united they've stood,
Bound by a duty that's deeper than blood,
Deeper than things that men can doubt,
Deeper than bonds that men argue about.

That's the essential that bulks out sheer,
When the mist and the night have swallowed the gear
Of perplexing words, like the rigging of fear.
That vision will stand though all else disappear.

That vision is one of the eternities
Standing out of the mist on the Seven Seas;
For the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack
Advance, fight and sink;—but they never go back!

THE CLARION

LOUIS KAUFMAN ANSPACHER.

[Dedicated to the League for Political Education.]

GATHER the men to the bugle's call,
Run up the banner high;
Fling out the Stars and Stripes o'er all
The banners in the sky!
We sons of all the nations leap
The youngest to the fight!
That all our fatherlands may reap
The harvest of the light.

Turn ploughshares into swords and save
The pruning forks for spears;
No man is free while there's a slave
To wet the earth with tears.
We've all to lose and naught to gain,
We want no alien lands;
But freedom has been won in vain,
If German bondage stands.

Open our garner, feed the world!
Pour out our steel and gold,
Pour out our lives, but keep unfurled
The flag that makes us bold.
The Allies gave their mighty past
To make our present free;
We lash our future to the mast,
And sail for liberty.

Extend the hand to free the land
That gave our freedom birth,
And cleave the sea lest liberty
Shall perish from the earth;

Divide the air with wings that bear
Our courage through the skies;
The young and brave are bound to save
The world from tyrannies.

That is the pledge that puts an edge
On every sword we wield;
We only ask the noblest task,
To make our hearts a shield,
To stand between the oppressor and
The lands he would oppress.
We, latest, claim the greatest task;—
Our courage brooks no less.

We seize the chance to pay back France
A little of the debt
Our Eagle owes her Fleur de Lys
And gallant Lafayette.
So everywhere, sea, land and air,
To the first line advance
Old Glory and the Stars and Stripes
On every breeze in France.

"CHER AMI," D. S. C.

HARRY WEBB FARRINGTON

(From "Poems from France," by permission of author and the publishers, Rough and Brown Press, 150 Fifth Ave., New York.)

CHER AMI, how do you do!
Listen, let me talk with you;
I'll not hurt you, don't you see?
Come a little close to me.

Little scrawny blue and white
Messenger for men who fight,
Tell me of the deep, red scar,
Just there, where no feathers are.

What about your poor left leg?
Tell me, Cher Ami, I beg.
Boys and girls are at a loss
How you won that Silver Cross.

"The finest fun that came to me
Was when I went with Whittlesey;
We marched so fast, got way ahead!
'I guess we're lost,' the keeper said;

"'Mon Cher Ami (that's my dear friend),
You are the one we'll have to send;
The whole battalion now is lost,
And you must win at any cost!"

"So with the message tied on tight,
I flew up straight with all my might;
Before I got up high enough,
Those watchful guns began to puff!

"Machine-gun bullets came like rain,
You'd think I was an aeroplane;
And when I started to the rear,
My! the shot was coming near!
"But on I flew, straight as a bee,
The wind could not catch up with me;
Until I dropped out of the air,
Into our own men's camp, so there!"

But, Cher Ami, upon my word,
You modest, modest little bird;
Now don't you know that you forgot?
Tell how your breast and leg were shot.

"Oh, yes, the day we crossed the Meuse,
I flew to Rampont with the news;
Again the bullets came like hail,
I thought for sure that I should fail.

"The bullets buzzed by like a bee,
So close, it almost frightened me;
One struck the feathers of this sail,
Another went right through my tail.

"But when I got back to the rear,
I found they hit me, here and here;
But that is nothing, never mind;
Old Poilu, there, is nearly blind.

"All I care is what they said,
For when they saw the way I bled,
And found in front a swollen lump,
The message hanging to this stump;

"The French, and Mine, said, 'tres bien,'
Or 'very good'—American,
'Cher Ami,' you brought good news,
Our Army's gone across the Meuse;

"You surely had a lucky call!
And so I'm glad, I guess that's all,
I'll sit, so pardon me, I beg;
It's hard a-standing on one leg."

THE ELOCUTIONIST.

AT the beginning of the summer season it is necessary to warn the earnest student of Natural History against the Elocutionist, which during the Dog Days is subject to rabies, which cause it to have fits and foam at the mouth as it roams up and down the hotel parlor seeking whom it may devour.

Perhaps no other animal is so relentlessly cruel as this, or so much dreaded by human beings, for instead of

killing outright it slowly tortures its victims into insensibility with the jawbone of an ass. This causes men to hold it in such fear that the mere rumor that one is in the room will cause the boldest to shun the place, while the moment it shows the slightest inclination to break loose the crowd stampedes. Whether the creature could be tamed or induced to keep quiet is not known, as no one has ever had the courage to attempt to muzzle it.

Like certain diseases that are unknown to savages, the elocutionist is one of the pests that follows civilization. France was at one time overrun with a particularly virulent species that insisted on repeating in mixed company things that they had written themselves. This was during the period of the salon, which accounts for the anti-salon movement in this country (see *Carrie Nation*; "Joints that I Have Shut Up," page 234, Vol. 1). England is also ravaged by a few, particularly in the middle class, but in *America* the elocutionist finds its favorite habitation and occupies much the same position that *the rabbit* does in *Australia* for having been introduced as a curiosity. It has *multiplied so fast* that it has become a *scourge* to the country.

The origin of the elocutionist is not definitely known, but it is believed that the first one was discovered cycles of ages ago at a church social. It was found, says the legend, standing on a platform wearing a white dress with blue ribbons, reciting "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight" and "Little Ma-a-a-abel with Her Fa-a-ace Against the Window Pa-a-a-ane." It will thus be seen that the elocutionist has changed but little in the process of time, if this account of its origin be true. Unfortunately, it has been found impossible to verify it, because history states that all who saw the dread apparition fled in terror from the spot.

Naturalists have with one accord agreed that the elocutionist was the finest example extant of the *Bore family* (genus *Yawpis*). As is the case among many other kinds of animals, *the female* is much more ferocious than the male, being more persistent and less easily scared off. In

this species it accompanies its *vocal contortions* by weird poses and wooden gestures, and is known specifically as *genus feminies Delsartis*.

One of the chief dangers to be feared from the elocutionist arises from being unable to tell it at sight. In appearance, especially when young, it is so mild, pretty and gentle that no one could suspect that it carried a number of humorous and poetical selections concealed about its person. Thus innocent men and women are lured into taking it into their very homes and petting it, only to learn alas! too late, that they have brought their doom upon themselves and thrust their ears, so to speak, into the lion's mouth. Fortunately, as *these creatures grow older* they may be easily distinguished and thus avoided and when the careful student observes in a summer hotel parlor a stringy looking female, in a black net dress, cut so as to show the bones in her neck, or a fat and pompous male who keeps thrusting his hand into his waistcoat and licking his lips, it is time to flee. These are elocutionists bent on destruction.

Of the habits of the elocutionist little is known except that it is the most industrious known creature and always wants to be up and at it. Its chief diet appears to be "methods" and it spends most of its time knocking its fellow elocutionists.

Its chief peculiarity is *its voice*, which has a *cracked ice tremble* that induces a tired feeling in the listener. It is also extremely complaisant and willing to oblige the company by doing everything but keep quiet. Indeed, when once an elocutionist gets going one can never stop it until it gets through its repertoire.

In this connection attention should be called to the fact that many people who cherish *secret grudges* against their friends use the elocutionist as a means of wreaking a deadly vengeance. In order to do this they take the elocutionist while very young—when it is even more terrible than when older—and have it taught "Little Boy Blue" and kindred pieces, which it recites when unsuspecting

people drop in of an evening. Thus again are we called upon to marvel at the inhumanity of man to man.

In New York there are many violent specimens of elocutionists. These formerly used to be permitted to roam around loose, where they did much damage at receptions, but fortunately they are now mostly corralled in Schools of Acting, where they can prey on each other, and it is comparatively safe to attend a party without being armed.

It has been found, as has been said, to be impossible to protect one's self entirely from the attack of these animals, but when writing to a summer hotel for rooms no prudent person should neglect to inquire if an elocutionist is kept on the premises.

ST. PIERRE TO FERRARDO.

KNOW you me, Duke? Know you the peasant boy
Whom, fifteen years ago, in evil hour,
You chanced to cross upon his native hills,—
In whose quick eye you saw the subtle spirit,
Which suited you, and tempted it? He took
Your hint and followed you to Mantua
Without his father's knowledge,—his old father,
Who, thinking that he had a prop in him
Man could not rob him of, and Heaven would spare,
Blessed him one night ere he lay down to sleep
And, waking in the morning, found him gone!
Move not, or I shall move! You know me.
Oh, yes! You trained me like a cavalier,—
You did, indeed! You gave me masters, Duke,
And their instruction quickly I took up,
As they did lay them down! I got the start
Of my contemporaries! Not a youth
Of whom could read, write, speak,
Command a weapon

Or rule a horse with me! You gave me all,—
All the equipments of a man of honor,—
But you did find a use for me, and make
A slave, a profligate, a pander of me!
I charge you keep your seat!—

Ten thousand ducats?

What, Duke! Is such your offer?

Give me, Duke,

The eyes that looked upon my father's face,
The hands that helped my father to his wish,
The feet that flew to do my father's will,
The heart that bounded at my father's voice,—
And say that Mantua were built of ducats?
And I could be its Duke at cost of these.
I would not give them for it? Mark me, Duke;
I saw a new-made grave in Mantua,
And on the headstone read my father's name!—
To seek me, doubtless, hither he had come,—
To seek the child that had deserted him,—
And died here ere he found me.

Heaven can tell how far he wandered else!

Upon that grave I knelt an altered man,
And rising thence I fled from Mantua; nor had returned
But tyrant hunger drove me back again

To thee—to thee!—My body to relieve
At cost of my dear soul! I have done thy work,—
Do mine! And sign me that confession straight.

I'm in thy power and I'll have thee in mine!

There is the dial, and the sun shines on it, —

The shadow on the very point of twelve,—

My case is desperate! Your signature

Of vital moment is unto my peace!

My eye is on the dial! Pass the shadow

The point of noon, the breath of but a hair,

As can my eye discern—and that unsigned

The steel is in thy heart!—

I speak no more!

JIM.

BERNARD MOORE.

NOT long back, I was out with Jim.
We rowed the boat together, me and him.

Oh! wasn't it fine, seeing the strength of him,
Heavin' the ballast, makin' things tight and trim.

You'd reckon his heart was happy, lookin' at him,
And right you'd reckon, I've pulled some miles with Jim.

War came! Sudden and grim,
We talked it over together, me and Jim.

Next, women torn, arm and limb,
And children tortured as well; that settled Jim.

"Jack," he said, lookin' white and grim,
"I'm goin'!" He went! So like Jim.

Sudden and in the dark. Never a chance to swim,
And down so deep, is all that's left of him.

And when I think of the strength of him,
I'm wishin' I'd gone with him.

Now all I can say of him is
God bless you! God keep you, Jim!

THE BATTLE FLAG AT SHENANDOAH.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE tented field wore a wrinkled frown,
And the emptied church from the hill looked down
On the emptied road and the emptied town,
That summer Sunday morning.

And here was the blue, and there was the gray;
And a wide green valley rolled away
Between where the battling armies lay,
That sacred Sunday morning.

Young Custer sat, with impatient will,
His restless steed, 'mid his troopers still,
As he watched with glass from the oak-set hill,
That silent Sunday morning.

Then fast he began to chafe and fret;
"There's a battle flag on a bayonet
Too close to my own true soldiers set
For peace this Sunday morning!

"Ride over, some one," he haughtily said,
"And bring it to me! Why, in the bars blood red
And in stars I will stain it, and overhead
Will flaunt it this Sunday morning!"

Then a West-born lad, pale-faced and slim,
Rode out, and, touching his cap to him,
Swept down, as swift as the swallows swim,
That anxious Sunday morning.

On, on through the valley! up, up, anywhere!
That pale-faced lad like a bird through the air

Kept on till he climbed to the banner there
That bravest Sunday morning!

And he caught up the flag, and around his waist
He wound it tight, and he fled in haste
And swift his perilous route retraced
That daring Sunday morning.

All honor and praise to the trusty steed!
Ah! boy, and banner, and tell God speed!
God's pity for you in your hour of need
That deadly Sunday morning.

O, deadly shot! and O, shower of lead!
O, iron rain on the brave, bare head!
Why, even the leaves from the trees fall dead
This dreadful Sunday morning!

But he gains the oaks! Men cheer in their might!
Brave Custer is weeping in his delight!
Why, he is embracing the boy outright
This glorious Sunday morning!

But, soft! Not a word has the pale boy said.
He unwinds the flag. It is starred, striped, red
With his heart's best blood; and he falls down dead
In God's still Sunday morning!

So, wrap his flag to his soldier's breast;
Into Stars and Stripes it is stained and blest;
And under the oaks let him rest and rest
In God's own Sunday morning!

WOODEN CROSSES.

E. W. HORNUNG.

“GO live the wide world over—but when you come to die
A quiet English churchyard is the only place to lie”—
I held it half a lifetime, until through war's mischance
I saw the wooden crosses that fret the fields of France.

A thrush sings in an oak-tree, and from the old square
tower
A chime as sweet and mellow salutes the idle hour:
Stone crosses take no notice—but the little wooden ones
Are thrilling every minute to the music of the guns.

Upstanding at attention they face the cannonade,
In apple-pie alignment like Guardsmen on parade;
But Tombstones are Civilians who loll or sprawl or sway
At every crazy angle and stage of slow decay.

For them the Broken Column—in its plot of unkempt
grass;
The tawdry tinsel garland safeguarded under glass:
And the Squire's emblazoned virtues, that would over-
weight a Saint,
On the vault empaled in iron—scaling red from want of
paint.

The men who die for England don't need it rubbing in;
An automatic stamper and a narrow strip of tin
Record their date and regiment, their number and their
name—
And the Squire who dies for England is treated just the
same.

So stand the still battalions; alert, austere, serene;
Each with his just allowance of brown earth shot with
green;

None better than his neighbor in pomp or circumstance—
All beads upon the rosary that turned the fate of France.

Who says their war is over? While others carry on,
The little wooden crosses spell but the dead and gone?
Not while they deck a sky-line, not while they crown a
view,
Or a living soldier sees them and sets his teeth anew.

The tenants of the churchyard where the singing thrushes
build
Were not, perhaps, all paragons of promise well fulfilled;
Some failed—through Love, or Liquor—while the parish
looked askance
But—you cannot die a failure if you win a Cross in
France.

The brightest gems of Valor in the Army's diadem
Are the V.C. and the D.S.O., M.C. and D.C.M.
But those who live to wear them will tell you they are
dross
Beside the Final Honor of a simple Wooden Cross.

THE OWL CRITIC.

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS.

“WHO stuffed that white owl?” No one spake in the
shop,
The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The “Daily,” the “Herald,” the “Post,” little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;

Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion;
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mr. Brown,"
Cried the youth, with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck
is—

In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck is!

I make no apology;

I've learned owl-eology.

I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,

And cannot be blinded to any deflections

Arising from unskillful fingers that fail

To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.

Mister Brown! Mister Brown!

Do take that bird down,

Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over the town!"

And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've studied owls,
And other night fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true;
An owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed;
No owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.
He can't do it, because
'Tis against all bird-laws.
Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches
An owl has a toe
That can't turn out so!

I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mister Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed,
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd!
To look at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed him don't half know his business!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes.
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem
They'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down;
Have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that.
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather,
In fact, about him there's not one natural feather."
Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:
"Your learning's at fault this time, anyway:
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another, Sir Critic, good day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

VIVE LA FRANCE.

ELIZABETH CRAWFORD.

FRANCELINE rose in the dawning gray,
And her heart would dance though she knelt to pray,
For her man Michel had holiday,
Fighting for France.

She offered her prayer by the cradle-side
And with baby palms folded in hers she cried:
"If I have but one prayer, dear, crucified
Christ—save France!"

"But if I have two, then, by Mary's grace,
Carry me safe to the meeting place,
Let me look once again on my dear love's face,
Save him for France."

She crooned to her boy: "Oh, how glad he'll be,
Little three-months old, to set eyes on thee!
For, 'Rather than gold, would I give,' wrote he,
'A son to France.'

Come, now, be good, little stray sauterells,
For we're going by-by to papa Michel,
But I'll not say where for fear thou wilt tell,
Little Pigeon of France!

"Six days' leave and a year between!
But what would you have? In six days clean,
Heaven was made," said Franceline,
"Heaven and France."

She came to the town of the nameless name,
To the marching troops in the street she came,

And she held high her boy like a taper flame
Burning for France.

Fresh from the trenches and gray with grime,
Silent they marched like a pantomime:
"But what need of music? My heart beats time—
Vive la France!"

His regiment comes. Oh, then where is he?
"There is dust in my eyes, for I cannot see,—
Is that my Michel to the right of thee,
Soldier of France?"

Then out of the ranks a comrade fell,
"Yesterday—'twas a splinter of shell—
And he whispered thy name, did thy poor Michel,
Dying for France."

The tread of the troops on the pavement throbbed
Like a woman's heart of its last joy robbed,
And she lifted her boy to the flag, and sobbed:
"Vive la France!"

THE GUARDS CAME THROUGH.

CONAN DOYLE.

MEN of the Twenty-first
Up by the Chalk Pit Wood,
Weak with our wounds and our thirst,
Wanting our sleep and our food.
After a day and a night,—
God, shall we never forget!
Beaten and broke in the fight,
But sticking it—sticking it yet.

Trying to hold the line,
Fainting and spent and done.
Always the thud and the whine,
Always the yell of the Hun!
Northumberland, Lancaster, York,
Durham and Somerset,
Fighting alone, worn to the bone,
But sticking it—sticking it yet.

Never a message of hope!
Never a word of cheer!
Fronting Hill 70's shell-swept slope,
With the dull dead plain in our rear,
Always the whine of the shell,
Always the roar of the burst,
Always the tortures of hell,
As waiting and wincing, we cursed
Our luck and the guns of the Boche.
When our Corporal shouted "Stand to!"
And I heard some one cry, "Clear the front
for the Guards!"
And the Guards came through.

Our throats they were parched and hot,
But, Lord, if you'd heard the cheers!
Irish and Welsh and Scot,
Coldstream and Grenadiers.
Two brigades, if you please,
Dressing as straight as a hem,
We—we were down on our knees,
Praying for us and for them!
Praying with tear-wet cheek,
Praying with outstretched hand.
Lord, I could speak for a week,
But how could you understand!
How should your cheeks be wet,
Such feelin's don't come to you,
But when can me or my mates forget,
When the Guards came through.

"Five yards left extend!"

It passed from rank to rank.
Line after line with never a bend,
And a touch of the London swank,
A trifle of swank and a dash,
Cool as a home parade.
Twinkle and glitter and flash,
Flinching never a shade,
With the shrapnel right in their face
Doing their Hyde Park stunt,
Keeping their swing at an easy pace,
Arms at the trail, eyes front!
Man, it was great to see!
Man, it was fine to do!
It's a cot and a hospital ward for me,
But I'll tell 'em in Blighty, wherever I be,
How the Guards came through.

THE CREMATION OF SAM McGEE.

ROBERT W. SERVICE.

(Used by permission of author and publishers,
Barse & Hopkins, Newark, N. J.)

THERE are strange things done in the midnight sun
by the men who toil for gold;
The Arctic trails have their secret tales that would make
your blood run cold;
The Northern Lights have seen strange sights, but the
strangest they ever did see
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge I cremated
Sam McGee.

Now Sam McGee was from Tennessee, where the cotton
blossoms and blows.
Why he left his home in the South to roam round the
Pole, God only knows.

He was always cold, but the land of gold seemed to hold
him like a spell;
Though he'd often say in his homely way that "he'd sooner
live in hell."
On a Christmas Day we were mushing our way over the
Dawson trail.
He crouched on the sleigh, and raved all day of his home
in Tennessee;
And before nightfall a corpse was all that was left of Sam
McGee.

There wasn't a breath in that land of death and I hurried
horror-driven,
With a corpse half hid that I couldn't get rid, because
of a promise given;
It was lashed to the sleigh, and it seemed to say: "You
may tax your brawn and brains,
But you've promised true and it's up to you to cremate
these last remains."
Now a promise made is a debt unpaid and the trail has
its own stern code.
In the days to come, though my lips were dumb, in my
heart how I cursed that load!
In the long, long night, by the lone fire-light, while the
huskies, round in a ring,
Howled out their woes to the homeless snows—O God!
how I loathed the thing.

And every day that quiet clay seemed heavier and heavier
to grow;
And on I went though the dogs were spent and the grub
was getting low;
The trail was bad, and I felt half mad, but I swore I
would not give in;
And I'd often sing to the hateful thing, and it hearkened
with a grin.
Till I came to the marge of Lake Lebarge, and a derelict
there lay;

It was jammed in the ice, but I saw in a trice it was called the "Alice May."

And I looked at it, and I thought a bit, and I looked at my frozen chum;

Then "Here," said I, with a sudden cry, "is my cre-ma-tor-e-um."

Some planks I tore from the cabin floor and I lit the boiler fire;

Some coal I found that was lying around, and I heaped the fuel higher.

The flames just soared, and the furnace roared—such a blaze you seldom see;

And I burrowed a hole in the glowing coal and I stuffed in Sam McGee.

I staggered away, for I couldn't stay and hear him sizzle so;

And the heavens scowled, and the huskies howled and the wind began to blow.

It was icy cold, but the hot sweat rolled down my cheeks and I don't know why;

And the greasy smoke in an inky cloak went streaking down the sky.

Talk of your cold! through the Parka's fold it stabbed like a driven nail.

If our eyes we'd close, then the lashes froze till sometimes we couldn't see.

It wasn't much fun, but the only one to whimper was Sam McGee.

And that very night, as we lay packed tight in our robes beneath the snow,

And the dogs were fed, and the stars o'erhead were dancing heel and toe,

He turned to me, and "Cap," says me, "I'll cash in this trip, I guess;

And if I do, I'm asking that you won't refuse my last request."

Well, he seemed so low that I couldn't say no; then he
says with a sort of a moan:
"It's the cursed cold, and it's got right hold till I'm
chilled clean through to the bone.
Yet 'tain't being dead—it's my awful dread of the icy
grave that pains;
So I want you to swear that, foul or fair, you'll cremate
my last remains."

A pal's last need is a thing to heed, so I swore I would
not fail;
And we started on at the streak of dawn; but God! he
looked ghastly pale.
I do not know how long in the snow I wrestled with
grisly fear;
But the stars came out and danced about ere again I
ventured near;
I was sick with dread, but I bravely said: "I'll just take
a peep inside.
I guess he's cooked and it's time I looked;"—then the
door I opened wide.

And there sat Sam, looking cool and calm, in the heart of
the furnace roar;
And he wore a smile you could see a mile and he said:
"Please close that door.
It's fine in here, but I greatly fear you'll let in the cold
and storm—
Since I left Plumtree, down in Tennessee, it's the first
time I've been warm."

There are strange things done in the midnight sun by
the men who toil for gold;
The Arctic trails have their secret tales that would make
your blood run cold;
The Northern Lights have seen strange sights, but the
strangest they ere did see
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge I cremated
Sam McGee.

THE HELL GATE OF SOISSONS.

HERBERT KAUFMANN.

MY name is Darino, the poet; you have heard, Oui
Comedie Francaise,
Perchance it has happened, mon ami, and you know of my
unworthy lays,
Then you must guess how my fingers are itching, to talk
to a pen,
For I was at Soissons, and saw it, the Death of Twelve
Englishmen!

My leg, malheurusement, I left it behind on the Banks of
the Aisne,
Regret I would pay with the other, to witness their valor
again,
A trifle, indeed I assure you, to give for the honor to tell,
How a handful of British undaunted went into the Gate-
way of Hell.

Let me draw you a plan of the battle, here we French
and your Engineers stood,
Over there a detachment of German Sharpshooters lay
hid in a wood,
And a mitrailleuse battery, planted on top of a well-chosen
ridge,
Held the road for the Prussians and covered the direct
approach to the bridge.

It was madness to dare the dense murder that spewed
from those ghastly machines
(Only those who have danced to its music can know what
the mitrailleuse means).
But the bridge on the Aisne was a menace; our safety
demanded its fall:

"Engineers—Volunteers!" In a body, the Royals stood out at the call.

Death at Best was the fate of that mission—to their glory
no one was dismayed.

A party was Chosen—and seven survived 'till the powder
was laid.

And they died with their fuses unlighted—Another detachment!
Again

A sortie is made all too vainly. The Bridge still commanded
the Aisne.

We were fighting two foes—time and Prussia—the
moments were worth more than troops,

We must blow up the bridge. A lone soldier darts out
from the Royals and swoops

For the fuse! Fate seems with us. We cheer him, he
answers—our hopes are reborn!

A bill rips his visor—His khaki shows red where another
has torn.

Will he live—will he last—will he make it? Helas! And
so near to the goal!

A second, he dies! Then a third one! A fourth! Still
the Germans take toll!

A fifth, magnifigue! It is magic! How does he escape
them? He may——

Yes, he does! See the match flares! A rifle rings out
from the wood and says nay.

Six, seven, eight, nine take their places, six, seven, eight,
nine brave their hail,

Six, seven, eight, nine, how we count them, but the sixth,
seventh, eighth and ninth fail!

A tenth! Sacre Nom! But these English are fighters—
they know how to try;

(He fumbles the place where his jaw was.) They show
too how heroes can die.

Ten we count—ten who ventured unquailing—ten there were—and ten are no more!

Yet another salutes and superbly essays where the ten failed before.

God of Battles, look down and protect him! Lord, his heart is as thine—let him live!

But the mitrailleuse splutters and stutters, and riddles him into a sieve.

Then I thought of my sins, and sat waiting, the charge that we could not withstand.

And I thought of my beautiful Paris, and gave a last look at my land,

At France, my Belle France, in her glory of blue sky and green field and wood.

Death with honor, but never surrender. And to die with such men—It was good.

They are forming—the bugles are blaring—they will charge in a moment and then——

When out of the line of the Royals (Your Island, mon ami, breeds men),

Burst a private, a tawny-haired giant—It was hopeless, but Ciel! How he ran!

Bon Dieu, Please remember the pattern, and make many more on his plan!

No cheers from our ranks, and the Germans, they halted in wonderment, too;

See, he reaches the bridge; oh! he lights it! I am dreaming it cannot be true.

Screams of rage! Fusillade! They have killed him! Too late, though, the good work is done,

By the Valor of Twelve English martyrs, the Hell-Gate of Soissons is won.

FLEURETTE.

[The Wounded Canadian Speaks.]

ROBERT W. SERVICE

(Used by permission of author and publishers,
Barse & Hopkins, Newark, N. J.)

MY leg—It's off *at the knee*;
Do I miss it? Well, some, you see
I've had it since I was born
And lately a devilish corn,
I rather chuckle with glee,
To think how I've fooled that corn.
But I'll hobble around all right,
It isn't that—*it's my face*;
Oh, I know I'm a *hideous sight*,
Hardly a thing in place.
Sort of a gargoyle you'd say; nurse won't give me a glass
But I see the folks as they pass
Shudder and turn away—turning away in distress;
Mirror enough, I guess,
But I'm gay, you bet I'm gay, tho' I wasn't awhile ago
If you'd seen me only today,
The darndest picture of woe,
With *this* Caliban mug of mine,
So ravaged and raw and red
Turned *to the wall*—in fine
Wishing that I were dead.
What has happened since then,
Since I lay with my face to the wall,
The most despairing of men—
Listen—I'll tell you all!
That poilu *across the way*
With the shrapnel wound on his head,
Has a sister—she came today
To sit awhile by his bed.
All morning I heard him fret,
“Oh, *when* will she come—Fleurette.”

Then suddenly a joyous cry,
The tripping of little feet,
The softest, gentlest sigh, a voice so fresh and sweet,
Clear as a silver bell; fresh as the morning dews;
"C'est toi, c'est toi Marcelle!

Mon frere, comme je suis heureuse!"

So over the blanket's rim

I raised my terrible face,

And I saw—how I envied him!—

A girl of such delicate grace,

As gay as a linnet and yet

As tenderly sweet as a dove—

Half woman, half child—Fleurette.

Then I turned *to the wall* again, I was awfully blue, you
see,

And I thought with a bitter pain,

"Such visions are not for me."

So there like a log I lay,

All hidden, I thought, from view,

When suddenly I heard her say.

"Ah, who is *that* malheureux?"

Then briefly I heard him tell,

However he came to know,

How I'd smothered a shell

That fell into my trench, and so

None of my men were hurt,

Though it busted me up a bit,

Well, I didn't quiver an eye;

And he chattered and there she sat,

And I fancied I heard her sigh,

But I wouldn't just swear to that,

And maybe she wasn't so bright, tho' she talked in a
merry strain,

And I closed my eyes ever so tight, and I saw her ever
so plain.

Her dear little tilted *nose*, her delicate dimpled *chin*,

Her mouth like the budding rose, and the glistening
pearls within;

Her eyes like the violet—such a rare little queen, *Fleurette*.
At last when she rose to go,
The light was a little dim,
And I ventured to peep, and so
I saw her, graceful and slim;
And she *kissed him*, and *kissed him*, and, oh,
How I envied, and envied him.
And when she was gone, I said,
In a rather dreary voice to him of the opposite bed,
“Ah, friend, how you must rejoice!
But *me*—I’m a thing of dread;
For me nevermore *the bliss*—the thrill of a woman’s kiss.”
Then I stopped, *for lo*—she was there!
And a great light shone in her eyes.
And me—I could only stare,
I was taken so by surprise.
Then gently she bent her head,
“May I kiss you, seageant?” she said.
Then she kissed my burning lips
With her mouth like a scented flower,
And I *thrilled* to the finger tips
And I hadn’t even the power
To say, “God bless you, dear,”
And I felt such a precious tear
Fall on my withered cheek,
That, darn it, I couldn’t speak!
And so she went sadly away,
And I know that my eyes were wet.
Ah! Not to my dying day
Will I ever forget—forget.
Can you wonder now I am gay?
God bless her, that little *Fleurette*!

ST. PETER AT THE GATE

JOSEPH BERT SMILEY.

ST. PETER stood guard at the golden gate,
With a solemn mien and an air sedate,
When up to the top of the golden stair
A man and a woman, ascending there,
Applied for admission. They came and stood
Before St. Peter, so great and good,
In hopes the City of Peace to win,
And asked St. Peter to let them in.
The woman was tall, and lank, and thin,
With a scraggy beadlet upon her chin;
The man was short, and thick, and stout;
His stomach was built so it rounded out;
His face was pleasant, and all the while
He wore a kindly and genial smile.
The choirs in the distance the echoes woke,
And the man kept still while the woman spoke:
"Oh, thou who guardest the gate," said she,
"We two come hither beseeching thee
To let us enter the heavenly land,
And play our harps with the angel band.
Of me, St. Peter, there is no doubt—
There is nothing from heaven to bar me out;
I have been to meetings three times a week
And almost always I'd rise and speak.
I've told the sinners about the day
When they'd repent their evil way;
I have told my neighbors, I have told them all,
'Bout Adam and Eve, and the primal fall;
I've shown them what they'd have to do
If they'd pass in with the chosen few;
I've marked their path of duty clear—
Laid out the plan for their whole career;

I've talked and talked to 'em, loud and long,
For my lungs are good and my voice is strong.
So, good St. Peter, you'll clearly see
The gate of heaven is open to me.
But my old man, I regret to say,
Hasn't walked exactly the narrow way;
He smokes and he swears, and grave faults he's got,
And I don't know whether he will pass or not.
He never would pary with an earnest vim,
Or go to revival, or join in a hymn;
So I had to leave him in sorrow there,
While I, with the chosen, united in prayer.
He ate what the pantry chanced to afford,
While I, in my purity, sang to the Lord;
And if cucumbers were all he got,
It's a chance if he merited them or not.
But oh, St. Peter, I love him so!
To the pleasures of heaven please let him go!
I've done enough—a saint I've been;
Won't that atone? Can't you let him in?
By my grim gospel I know 'tis so,
That the unrepentant must fry below;
But isn't there some way that you can see,
That he may enter who's dear to me?
It's a narrow gospel by which I pray,
But the chosen expect to find some way
Of coaxing, or fooling, or bribing you,
So that their relation can amble through.
And say, St. Peter, it seems to me
This gate isn't kept as it ought to be.
You ought to stand by that opening there,
And never sit down in that easy chair.
And say, St. Peter, my sight is dimmed,
But I don't like the way your whiskers are trimmed;
They're cut too wide, and outward toss;
They'd look better narrower, cut straight across.
Well, we must be going our crowns to win,
So open, St. Peter, and we'll pass in."
St. Peter sat quiet and stroked his staff,

But spite of his office he had to laugh;
Then said, with a fiery gleam in his eye,
"Who's tending this gateway—you, or I?"
And then he arose in his stature tall,
And pressed a button upon the wall,
And said to the imp who answered the bell,
"Escort this lady around to hell!"
The man stood still as a piece of stone—
Stood sadly, gloomily there alone;
A lifelong, settled idea he had
That his wife was good and he was bad.
He thought, if the woman went down below,
That he would certainly have to go;
That if she went to the regions dim,
There wasn't a ghost of a show for him.
Slowly he turned, by habit bent,
To follow wherever the woman went.
St. Peter, standing on duty there,
Observed that the top of his head was bare.
He called the gentleman back, and said,
"Friend, how long have you been wed?"
"Thirty years" (with a weary sigh),
And then he thoughtfully added, "Why?"
St. Peter was silent. With head bent down,
He raised his hand and scratched his crown;
Then, seeming a different thought to take,
Slowly, half to himself, he spake:
"Thirty years with that woman there?
No wonder the man hasn't any hair!
Swearing is wicked, smoke's not good,
He smoked and swore—I should think he would.
Thirty years with that tongue so sharp!
Ho, Angel Gabriel! give him a harp—
A jeweled harp with a golden string.
Good sir, pass in where the angels sing.
Gabriel, give him a seat alone—
One with a cushion, up near the throne;
Call up some angels to play their best;
Let him enjoy the music in rest;

See that on finest ambrosia he feeds;
He's had about all the hell he needs.
It isn't just hardly the thing to do,
To roast him on earth, and the future, too."
They gave him a harp with golden strings,
A glittering robe, with a pair of wings,
And he said, as he entered the Realm of Day,
"Well, this beats cucumber, anyway!"
And so the Scriptures had come to pass,
"The last shall be first, and the first shall be last."

BILL'S IN TROUBLE.

JAMES BARTON ADAMS.

I'VE got a letter, parson, from my son, away out West,
An' my ol' heart is heavy as an anvil in my breast,
To think the boy whose future I had once so proudly
planned,
Should wander from the path o' right and come to sich
an end.

I told him when he started out towards the settin' sun,
He'd find the row he had to hoe a mighty rocky one.
He'd miss his father's counsel, and his mother's prayers,
too,
But he said the farm was hateful and he guessed he'd
have to go.

I know there's big temptation for a youngster in the West,
But I believed our Billy had the courage to resist.
An' when he left I told him of the ever waitin' snares
That lie like hidden serpents in life's pathway everywhere.
But Bill he promised faithful to be keerful, an' allowed
He'd build a reputation that'd make us mighty proud.
But it seems as how my counsel sort o' faded from his
mind,
And now the boy's in trouble of the very wustest kind.

His letters come so seldom that we somehow sort o' knowed
That Billy was a-trampin' in a mighty rocky road,
But never once imagined he would bow my head in shame
An' in the dust he'd waller his ol' daddy's honored name.
He writes from out in Denver, an' the letter's mighty
short—

I just can't tell his mother. It'll break her poor ol' heart.
An' so I reckoned, parson, you might break the news to
her—

Bill's in the Legislatur', but he doesn't say what fer.

YE THAT HAVE FAITH TO LOOK.

YE that have faith to look with fearless eyes
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,
And know that out of death and night shall rise
The dawn of ampler life;
Rejoice, whatever anguish rend the heart,
That God has given you the priceless dower
To live in these great times and have your part
In Freedom's crowning hour.
That ye may tell your sons who see the light
High in the heavens—their heritage to take—
“I saw the powers of darkness take their flight:
I saw the morning break.”

COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

DEBBIE H. SILVER.

SAW you the stately palace that stands
Fronting the wind-swept sky?
The stately palace, reared on a height,
In the teeth of the winds of the sky?

Nobler than ever a lordly hold,
Greater than kingly kept,
Or the mightiest fortress, buttress-bound,
Where a thousand legions slept.

For a legion camps there, eager-eyed,
Flushed with the spirit's fires;
They, whom the elder lands would not—
Younger sons of the sires!

Shoulder to shoulder—a stubborn breed!
There stirs in the atrophied view
The quickened pulse of a soul re-born—
The prophets' dormant strain.

Brother and brother—parched of their thirst!
They drink at the fountain head;
They taste of the manna long denied,
They eat of the fruit and are fed.

Again! Yet again—the waters of life!
You shall hear from them, country mine!
Hewers and builders, captains of men,
Thinkers, poets divine.

These, whom the elder lands would not!
Patience, fools! ye shall see.
For a nation reapeth as it hath sown,
And the reaping is yet to be.

LITTLE JEAN.

LIDA KECK-WIGGIN.

SHE was wedded last night,
 Little Jean—
In a satin gown white
 All asheen—
And a heaven-joy burned
In her eyes as she turned
From the chancel—a bride!
And the man at her side
Led her out like a queen.
 Little Jean.

She has gone far away
 Little Jean—
And a tale grave and gay .
 Do I glean
As I stand at the door
Of the room where no more
She will come for the white
Happy thoughts, golden, bright,
Of her maiden's heart sweet and serene.
 Little Jean.

Like a casket bereft,
 Little Jean—
Is the sweet room you left
 Yester-e'en!
Ah! the low empty chair,
And the long mirror there,
And the dainty white bed,
Where you knelt as you said
Your last maiden prayer, all unseen,
 Little Jean.

But my heart is content,
Little Jean—
For the way that you went, dear,
I ween,
Is a path blossom-strown
And you walk not alone.
Human love and divine
'Round you fondly entwine
And an angel's white wings are your screen,
Little Jean.

A BIRTHNIGHT CANDLE.

DR. JOHN H. FINLEY.

(Taken from The Century Magazine by permission of the author and publishers, The Century Co.)

A CANDLE, waiter! Thank you. No, 'tis not
To light a cigarette. I wish its flame
For better use. A little nearer, please.
For if the guests should see, they'd wonder—well,
But do you know that I have touched no wine
This hallowed night, this night the lad was born
Which ushers in each year great Lincoln's day.
The brilliant banquet-hall of myriad lamps
Will not deny me this one little blaze
From all its dazzling wealth to celebrate
His native festival.

Do you, perchance,
Not have this custom, *garçon*, in old France,
Of lighting candles on a birthday cake,
And quenching then each flame with some fond wish?
Well, I have said that wheresoe'er this night
O'ertook me exiled from this happy face
I'd blow a candle out with such desire
As could have speech, but in a lambent flame
Piercing the mystery of space about.
This night has found me guest at this high feast,

Companioned of famed men, but with my thought
Ever of him and her who gave him birth.

And here's the candle. For some holy rite
'Twas doubtless fashioned, and by hands that moved
In rhythm with some sweet song moulding the wax
Distilled by bees that roamed through flowered fields
In drowsy summer afternoons, to store
The precious fires from out the skies, and then
To give them perfume of the fragrant earth.

There! It has gone, and never light since God
Divided day from dark has borne a prayer
More ardent than this wish for him whose name
I, bearing, vow anew to keep from stain.

Put back the candle in its golden cup.
No, thank you, waiter; no liquer for me,
But just a little coffee. Yes, two lumps.
(The smoke is getting in my eyes.) That's all.

IN FLANDERS' FIELDS.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN McCRAE.

IN Flanders' fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the dead; short days ago,
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunsets glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders' fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.

If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies blow
In Flanders' fields.

IN FLANDERS' FIELDS: AN ANSWER.

C. B. GALBREATH.

IN Flanders' fields the cannons boom,
And fitful flashes light the gloom,
While up above, like eagles, fly
The fierce destroyers of the sky;
With stains the earth wherein you lie
Is redder than the poppy bloom
In Flanders' fields.

Sleep on, ye brave. The shrieking shell,
The quaking trench, the startled yell,
The fury of the battle hell
Shall wake you not, for all is well.
Sleep peacefully, for all is well.
Your flaming torch aloft we bear,
With burning heart an oath we swear
To keep the faith, to fight it through
To crush the foe, or sleep with you
In Flanders' fields.

THE BENEDICTION.

FRANCIS COPPEE.

I That we took Saragossa. What a day
Was eighteen hundred—yes—and nine,
Of untold horrors! I was sergeant then.
The city carried, we laid siege to houses,
All shut up close, and with a treacherous look,
Raining down shots upon us from the windows.
“’Tis the priest’s doing!” was the word passed round;
So, that, although since daybreak under arms,—
Our eyes with powder smarting, and our mouths
Bitter with kissing cartridge-ends—piff! paff!
Rattled the musketry with ready aim,
If shovel hat and long black coat were seen
Flying in the distance. Up a narrow street
My company worked on. I kept an eye
On every house-top, right and left, and saw
From many a roof flames suddenly burst forth,
Coloring the sky, as from the chimney-tops
Among the forges. Low our fellows stooped,
Entering the low-pitched dens. When they came out,
With bayonets dripping red, their bloody fingers
Signed crosses on the wall; for we were bound,
In such a dangerous defile, not to leave
Foes lurking in our rear. There was no drum-beat,
No ordered march. Our officers looked grave;
The rank and file uneasy, jogging elbows
As do recruits when flinching.

All at once,
Rounding a corner, we are hailed in French
With cries for help. At double-quick we join
Our hard-pressed comrades. They were grenadiers,
A gallant company, but beaten back
Inglorious from the raised and flag-paved square,

Fronting a convent. Twenty stalwart monks
Defended it, black demons with shaved crowns,
The cross in white embroidered on their frocks,
Barefoot, their sleeves tucked up, their only weapons
Enormous crucifixes, so well brandished
Our men went down before them: By platoons
Firing we swept the place; in fact, we slaughtered
This terrible group of heroes, no more soul
Being in us than in executioners.

The foul deed done—deliberately done—
And the thick smoke rolling away, we noted
Under the huddled masses of the dead,
Rivulets of blood run trickling down the steps;
While in the background solemnly the church
Loomed up, its doors wide open. We went in.
It was a desert. Lighted tapers starred
The inner gloom with points of gold. The incense
Gave out its perfume. At the upper end,
Turned to the altar, as though unconcerned
In the fierce battle that had raged, a priest,
White-haired and tall of stature, to a close
Was bringing tranquilly the mass. So stamped
Upon my memory, is that thrilling scene,
That, as I speak it comes before me now,—
The convent built in old time by the Moors;
The huge brown corpses of the monks; the sun
Making the red blood on the pavement steam;
And there, framed in by the low porch, the priest;
And there the altar brilliant as a shrine;
And here ourselves, all halting, hesitating,
Almost afraid.

I, certes, in those days
Was a confirmed blasphemer. 'Tis on record
That once, by way of sacrilegious joke,
A chapel being sacked, I lit my pipe
At a wax candle burning on the altar.
This time, however, I was awed—so blanched
Was that old man!

“Shoot him!” our captain cried.

Not a soul budged. The priest beyond all doubt
Heard; but, as though he heard not, turning round,
He faced us with the elevated Host,
Having that period of the service reached
When on the faithful benediction falls.
His lifted arms seemed as the spread of wings;
And as he raised the pyx, and in the air
With it described the cross, each man of us
Fell back, aware the priest no more was trembling
Than if before him the devout were ranged.
But when, intoned with clear and mellow voice,
The words came to us—

Vos benedicat!

Deus Omnipotens!

The captain's order

Rang out again and sharply, "Shoot him down,
Or I shall swear!" Then one of ours, a dastard,
Leveled his gun and fired. Upstanding still,
The priest changed color, though with steadfast look
Set upwards, and indomitably stern.

Pater et Filius!

Came the words. What frenzy,

What maddened thirst for blood, sent from our ranks
Another shot, I know not; but 'twas done.

The monk, with one hand on the altar's ledge,
Held himself up; and strenuous to complete
His benediction, in the other raised

The consecrated Host. For the third time
Tracing in air the symbol of forgiveness,
With eyes closed, and in tones exceeding low,
But in the general hush distinctly heard,

Et Sanctus Spiritus!

He said; and ending

His service, fell down dead. The golden pyx
Rolled bounding on the floor, then, as we stood
Even the old troopers, with our muskets grounded,
And choking horror in our hearts, at sight
Of such shameless murder, at sight
Of such a martyr, with a chuckling laugh,
A—men. Drawled out a drummer boy.

THE THIRTEENTH PROPOSAL.

HAZEL GUGGENHEIM.

MONOLOGUE FOR YOUNG WOMAN.

[Scene is laid at a dance. Music is heard in distance. Young girl sits powdering nose. From time to time she glances in direction of ball-room.]

H EAVENS, this place is getting to be a beastly bore! Only twelve proposals so far. When you're the only attractive [uses mirror], wealthy and clever girl at a small seashore resort, you would expect better luck than that. Nevertheless, I can't complain that the men don't rush me. I certainly wish Jack would hurry with that shawl. [Shivers and fans.] Jack is such a lazy fellow. I must admit, though, I admire his good taste. [Laughs softly.] He is desperately in love with me. [Uses mirror.] One comfort about this place is that I have the amusement of turning down proposals of the best type. My only regret is I am not an artist. [Amused.] If I were, I could have made a pen-and-ink sketch of the Duke's face when I refused him. Mother was right when she said I was doomed to be an old maid. I'm afraid I shall, but it's so much fun refusing all these conceited ones. They all go away broken-hearted. It's the best indoor sport going and outdoor, too.

[Rises and looks around for Jack. Sits down, posing.]

I suppose I might as well plan my answer for Jack, as he'll be here any moment. [Draws up haughtily.] I shall be very cool and indignant and insulted. Poor boy, he's so

wild about me he'll simply be heart-broken. I'll pretend to change my mind and consider him, but in the end I'll send him away like all others. Who ever said that thirteen was unlucky? Why, my thirteenth proposal should be the most amusing of all. I must tell cousin Elizabeth about it. What a lark! She seemed so sure of him the other day, but she certainly is pepleg. I had to laugh up my sleeve. Oh, here he is now. Hello, Jackie! You certainly didn't do yourself any harm by hurrying, did you? Well, thanks just the same. No, don't let's dance. Let's have a nice, quiet little chat like the old friends that we are. Come on, confide all your troubles to me, for I certainly understand you. It takes a very clever person to understand you. There has been something on your mind for a long time. Why haven't you come and told me before? Come, now, tell me all about it. [Cuddles up to him.] Why, I could have guessed you were in love, of course. It isn't the first time, though, fickle boy. I shan't forget Alice Mead, nor Ethel Shear, nor any of the others, for that matter. You wicked heartbreaker.

[Laughs softly and taps him gently with her closed fan.]

Well, Jack, to tell the truth, I've realized it all along. I'm a kind of mind reader, you see. When you are as worldly wise as I am, you will understand [Intensely] human nature better. I can read your very thoughts. So, you intend to be true until death? I can't quite believe that of you, Jack. You think she's fascinating and clever. Right again, dear boy. [Coyly over fan.] I know who she is. You needn't tell me. Don't call me clever. You know I'm not. Now, don't you flatter me that way. [Pushes him.]

Jackie, since you have been so kind as to confide in me, I feel that I owe it to you to tell you several things. Unfortunately, I am engaged to a Spanish Count, a distant relative of the King's. No, don't congratulate me. [Slowly and sadly.]

I realize just what this means to you, of course, but we can't all be happy. Why, Jack, dear, you're merely a child.

I couldn't possibly consider you. It would be robbing the cradle. [Laughs gently behind fan.]

I'll always care for you just as a cousin.

Now, don't try to interrupt me. [Quickly.] You know I'm right. Oh, hush up now, and let me have my say. You men always fuss at this point. [Pleadingly.] Now, be a good boy and let me explain. Although I'll always consider you a friend—wait, let me finish—it certainly isn't a case of love. Don't raise a rumpus now, for that will ruin my whole evening. [Raves on.] You're only three years older than I am. Now, don't interrupt me. You're a mere child when it comes to worldly matters. I never could get on with your mother. You're an only child and awfully spoiled. Please don't interrupt me. I know we could never get on together. You like your lunch at one and I like mine at two. You prefer the opera and I prefer the Follies. You would never be satisfied to ride in a Pierce Arrow. Oh, don't you see, dear boy, we could never, never get along?

[Out of breath, leans back, resigned.]

Well, if you must have your way, go ahead, but don't raise a row.

[Fans languidly. Suddenly sits up erect.]

What? When? How? No! How absurd. [Jumps up.]

You don't mean to tell me. Why, you must be crazy. You're engaged to my cousin, Elizabeth!

[Stamps foot impatiently; fans violently.]

You certainly did not try to explain that you were in love with my cousin. I said that I would care for you as a cousin? Nonsense! Ridiculous! That has nothing to do with it at all. Just like a man. Well, you've got lots to learn. Where am I going? Do you really want to know? [Walks towards ballroom.] I am going to have a nice, quiet little chat with my cousin Elizabeth, and tell her of your impertinence in attempting to make love to me when you are engaged to her. Ta, ta.

[Exit, laughing back at him over her shoulder.]

UP THE AISLE.

TAKE my cloak—and now fix my veil, Jenny—

How silly to cover one's face;

I might as well be an old woman,

But then, there's one comfort—it's lace.

Well, what has become of those ushers?

Oh, Pa, have you got my bouquet?

I'll freeze standing here in the lobby,

Why doesn't the organist play?

They've started at last—what a bustle!

One minute more—now! Do keep step, Pa!

There—drop my train, Jane—is it straight?

I hope I look timid and shrinking!

The church must be perfectly full—

Good gracious—please don't walk so fast, Pa!

He don't seem to think that trains pull!

The chancel at last—mind the step, Pa—

I don't feel embarrassed at all—

But my—what's the minister saying?

Oh, I know—that part 'bout St. Paul.

I hope my position is graceful—

How awkwardly Nellie Dane stood!

“Not lawfully be joined together,

“Now speak”—as if anyone would.

Oh, dear, now it's my turn to answer—

I do wish Pa would stand still.

“Serve him, love, honor, and keep him”—

How sweetly he says it—I will.

Where's Pa? There—I knew he'd forget

When the time came to give me away—

“I, Helena—take thee—love—cherish—

And”—well, I can't help it—“obey.”

Here, Maud, take my bouquet—don't drop it—

I hope Charlie's not lost the ring!

Just like him! No—goodness—how heavy!

It's really an elegant thing.

It's a shame to kneel down in white satin,
And the flounces real old lace—but I must—

I hope that they've got a clean cushion,
They're usually covered with dust.

All over—ah, thanks! Now, don't fuss, Pa!
Just throw back my veil, Charlie, there!

Oh, bother! Why couldn't he kiss me
Without mussing up all my hair!

Your arm, Charlie, there goes the organ—
Who'd think there would be such a crowd?

Oh, I mustn't look 'round, I'd forgotten,
See, Charlie, who was it that bowed?

Why, there's Annie Wheeler—Kate Hermon,
I didn't expect her at all—

If she's not in that same old blue satin
She wore at the Charity Ball!

Is that Fanny Wade—Edith Pommeton—
And Emma and Jo—all the girls!

I knew they'd not miss my wedding—
I hope they'll all notice my pearls.

Is the carriage there? Give me my cloak, Jane,
Don't get it all over my veil—

No—you take the other seat, Charlie,
I need all of this for my trail!

MAKING A MAN OF HIM.

—
HARYOT HOLT DEY.
—

NAPOLEON said the greatest woman was the one who gave the nation the most soldiers. Not all soldiers wear brass buttons. Truly life is the battle.

What is a soldier? What does a soldier do? Does he cut and run in time of danger? Does he complain of the hardships of his lot? Does he fail to respond to the

bugle call? Does he lend himself to discipline with obedience?

In every home where a mother is bringing up boys there is a campaign tent in which the battle is being planned, the mother a general sitting before the map, studying her chances against an enemy of whose workings she knows but little. The general in the home must be a junior partner with the Divine, or she would be quite at sea as to the plan for even the skirmish of a day.

The boy has grown very large rather suddenly. His head is up among the globes of the chandelier. His hands are enormous, likewise his feet. Mother regards his hands in a kind of mild surprise. She never thought the little dimpled things would grow into such large inartistic, red, bony hands. But there they are.

All at once the woman regards the hands of her son apprehensively. Will they be useful? Had she given him ever so little training to fit him to fight the world with them?

He has been graduated from school with a few Latin verbs, and is rejoicing in his release from the bondage of schoolbooks.

The mother said that since he had no desire to become a professional man, that she believed a trade was next best thing.

"Why, he can do anything he tries to do," said grandfather. "I'll get him a job."

So the very next day grandfather took him out to introduce him to his friends. All the president's jobs were filled, and the superintendencies were none of them vacant, and the bank only needed an errand boy. Go to! That for a grandson with a head that must duck at doorframes? So grandfather went about his business.

The boy sat round and rocked in the lace curtains, ate up all the left overs in the refrigerator, smoked in the house, sat on the end of his spine and read novels in the best haircloth early Victorian reception chair, while the patient family traveled all the way around his feet.

Can you see him?

He was bonny; his hair curled in ripples from his brow; his legs were straight and agile, his shoulders square and splendid, and his size put the rooms all out of drawing. When grandmother asked who ate up the Lady Baltimore cake, he promptly gathered her up in his hands, and carried her round and round the room, till she was quite subdued.

And all there remained to do was to find new hiding places for titbits. He played the mandolin out on the piazza in the summer evenings, went for ice cream and passed it around, loved everybody, made boats and kites and airships for little brother, and was indispensable in many compensating ways.

Days, weeks, months slipped by, and the boy became a white elephant on everybody's hands. What to do?

Then the family money took wings. Not that the boy was worried about it. There was the bag of gold at the end of the rainbow. But the mother woke up and wrote a letter to the factory where she had heard soldiers were made.

One morning something happened. The postman rang and left a letter for the boy's mother. It said:

"Send your son at once if you wish him to have our apprenticeship course. We have a vacancy to be filled immediately. We enclose papers for you to sign, and wait your reply."

The mother took the letter to her room and closed the door, read it several times, and prayed a little, accepting the offer, signed the papers, went out and posted the letter, and then sought audience with the sleeping soldier. He was reading a novel.

"Henry, I have a letter here from a great manufacturing firm and it's about you."

He partly closed the book, inserting his finger between the leaves as a bookmark. He fastened his eyes upon her in a preoccupied manner.

She must find out whether he had any element of a soldier within, else she had no cause to expect to be a mother of a soldier. It was a supreme test.

No one knows to this day what she said. She doesn't even know herself. She paced the floor, and explained about the apprenticeship. She said it over and over. She walked faster and faster. She sawed the air with her arms and seemed to talk incoherently; the pins came out of her hair and a long braid tumbled down her back. She did not cry.

Slowly in a kind of dazed way the sleeper extracted his book-marking finger from the pages of the novel he had been reading, laid the book aside, unbraided his legs, rose to his feet, ran his fingers through his hair, mopped his face with his handkerchief and as his mother made a pass in one of her swiftest shuttling, he reached forward and seized her.

"I say, mother! You are not ill are you, mother? Will you please sit down, and tell me quite clearly, mother dear, what it is all about? Is there anything I can do?"

"I want you to pack your trunk and go!" said the mother.

"Leave you, mother?"

"Leave me? Who am I that I should stand between you and your chance to win in the battle of life? Certainly, leave me!"

"All right, mother; I'll go. When do you wish me to start?"

"One week from today; and I want you to understand that you are to stay. And, Henry——"

"Yes, mother——?"

"Henry——"

"What is it, mother?"

"Henry, if you leave the position to which you are going, to which I have signed your apprenticeship papers; if you leave it, I say, before you have completed your course of instruction, I will buy your ticket so far West that you can never get back!"

"All right, mother."

She had awakened the sleeper. After she left him the boy picked up his book, rearranged himself and pretended

to go on with the story. But he did not read. Too much had happened.

The days that followed were busy ones. On the seventh day grandpa hitched up the surrey and everybody but grandma piled in to go see Henry off.

Oh, the trunk that your boy takes away from home when he goes off for the first time! Is there anything like it? The wrench of the heartstrings! He is one soldier of many.

Henry wore a new suit and a new hat; the aunties had given him a new watch and a new umbrella both monogrammed with his own initials; he had a new Gladstone bag, and oh, best of all, he had the prophetic look in his eyes.

"There's a story of Mark Twain's, Henry," said grandfather, "about the mining parson's remarks at the funeral of a comrade. The best he could say of the deceased was that he never shook his mother. So, I say to you, my boy, never shake your mother!"

"No, sir," said Henry, "I won't."

Who can tell all that happens in the making of a soldier? Discipline, inspection, guardhouse, maybe; kicks by someone who aims to hurt; only metaphysical kicks, but they hurt worse than any. When a boy has always sat in somebody's lap, mother's lap, grandmother's lap, grandfather's lap, the aunts' laps, those soldier-destroying laps, what is one to expect?

But—oh, that you could have seen him when he came home from his apprenticeship course! It was five years, and during all that time he never set eyes on anyone with a lap; on anyone who cared, but the mails were hot with letters, and there were holiday boxes with Lady Baltimore cake.

Then, one day, there was a ring at the doorbell. It was the boy grown to be a man.

Oh me, oh my! There are people who can never be described. The shoulders of him, so fine and square; eyes

with a definite purpose in them; he was prophecy and fulfillment in one. Everybody went away for a little, one at a time, to cry a bit privately; the soldier maker to kneel down and thank God.

"Well, little mother—have I made good?" He asked it modestly as if he were on inspection before the greatest general in life's army.

"Yes, dear, you have made good. It was a mere question of awakening you."

"There isn't a piece of machinery in the world that I cannot make with my hands, mother."

"This is pretty good and natural-tasting cherry pie," he added. "Where do you hide it now?"

THE MOTHER PAYS.

LOUIS FITZGERALD.

SHE was clearly an American, piquant-featured and modishly garbed, her whole appearance portraying the refinement and elegance to which she had been accustomed. She came with her baby at dusk to the deserted plaza and sank exhaustedly by the edge of the gurgling fountain. There was despondency in the droop of the frail figure, pathos in the sag of the tired shoulders. Alternately she glanced at the little one cuddled to her breast, then at the plashing, shallow water, and back at the deserted streets.

A police officer strolled into view, watched her uncertainly for a moment, and then walked on into the gathering dusk. It was as if she read in the broad shoulders of the retiring guardian of the law Fate's decision not to interfere. With tightened lips she uncovered the little one's face and crooned over the staring blue eyes and the tiny curls peeping at her from under the embroidered bonnet. There followed the sanctified kiss of a mother and a quick enveloping of the small form in its blanket. Then, resolutely, she thrust the tiny morsel under the water

and held it there with face averted. Mercifully there was neither cry nor struggle. She could not have borne either. In an agony she waited several minutes, then rose and hurried away sobbing.

Back to the scene came the police officer, troubled by the memory of that lonely figure at the fountain. He found the park deserted, but something bade him look into the basin of the fountain. Like a flash he was into the water up to his knees and tearing at the blanket that bound the bundle he had clutched. The tiny figure devoid of undergarments was nude and stiff.

"Saints above," he muttered, "what do a little girl want to be drowning her baby for?"

The water trickled from his trouser legs as he turned the little body over, and his eye caught a faded legend printed on the back.

"Oh!" he said. "Oh, the poor little, grand little mother!"

Stamped on the doll's back was the verdict that explained the sacrificial death:

"MADE IN GERMANY!"

MOTHER'S WONDERLAND.

ELISE WEST QUAIFFÉ.

COME with me, dear, to a Wonderland place,
Where little children, at night
Dream of the dollies that mother once loved,
Dollies, so funny and bright.
Shut your eyes tight, and pretend we can go
To Santa Claus' house, far away,
Down through the chimney we'll creep, still as mice,
To the room where the dream dollies lay.

In that Wonderland so gay, with the silver Moon we'll play
Till the Golden Dawn comes peeping through the dream
door in the wall,
With the doll you love the best tightly clasped unto your
breast,
Come with me into the fairly Wonderworld; come with
me, dear little children all.

See how the dollies steal out of my dream,
Whirl softly round in the gloom,
Whisper of tea parties mother once gave
In that old, low-raftered room.
Milly, and Billy, and Susan, and Ben,
Nora, and Dora, and Jane.
Weaving the spell of the far away days,
Days that will ne'er come again.

In that dear, remembered room, laughing with the silver
Moon,
Till the Golden Dawn comes dancing in the window
overhead,
With the doll of happy night, snuggled to your pillow
white,
Come with me and visit Mother's Wonderland; come
with me unto your little bed.

THE HIGHWAYMAN.

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ALFRED NOYES.

THE wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty
trees,
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding—
Riding, riding—
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of
lace at his chin,
A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin;
They fitted with never a wrinkle; his boots were up to
the thigh!
And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,
His pistol butts a-twinkle,
His rapier hilt a-twinkle under the jewelled sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn-
yard,
And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all
was locked and barred;
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be
waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

And back in the dark old inn-yard a stable-wicket creaked
Where Tim the ostler listened; his face was white and
peaked;

His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like mouldy hay,
But he loved the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's red-lipped daughter,
Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say—

“One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize to-night,
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morn-
ing light;

Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through
the day,

Then look for me by moonlight,

Watch for me by moonlight,

I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar
the way.”

He rose upright in the stirrups; he scarce could reach her
hand,

But she loosened her hair i' the casement! His face
burned like a brand

As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his
breast;

And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,

(Oh sweet black waves in the moonlight!)

Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and galloped
away to the west.

PART TWO

He did not come in the dawning; he did not come at noon;
And out of the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the moon,
When the road was a gypsy's ribbon, looping the purple
moor,

A red-coat troop came marching—

Marching, marching—

King George's men came marching, up to the old inn-door.

They said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale
instead,

But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot
of her narrow bed;
Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at their
side!
There was death at every window;
And hell at one dark window;
For Bess could see through her casement the road that *he*
would ride.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering
jest;
They had bound a musket beside her, with the barrel be-
neath her breast!
“Now keep good watch!” and they kissed her. She heard
the dead man say—
Look for me by moonlight;
Watch for me by moonlight,
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar
the way!

She twisted her hands behind her; but all the knots held
good!
She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat
or blood!
They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the hours
crawled by like years,
Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,
Cold on the stroke of midnight,
The tip one finger touched it! The trigger at least was
hers!

The tip of one finger touched it; she strove no more for
the rest!
Up, she stood up to attention, with the barrel beneath her
breast.
She would not risk their hearing; she would not strive
again;
For the road lay bare in the moonlight,

Blank and bare in the moonlight;
And the blood of her veins in the moonlight throbb'd to
her love's refrain.

Plot-plot; plot-plot! Had they heard it? The horse-hoofs
ringing clear;
Plot-plot, plot-plot, in the distance? Were they deaf that
they did not hear?
Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill,
The highwayman came riding,
Riding, riding!
The red-coats looked to their priming! She stood up
straight and still!

Plot-plot, in the frosty silence! Plot-plot, in the echoing
night!
Nearer he came and nearer! Her face was like a light!
Her eyes grew wide for a moment; she drew one last deep
breath.
Then her finger moved in the moonlight,
Her musket shattered the moonlight,
Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warn'd him—
with her death.

He turned; he spurred to the westward; he did not know
who stood
Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her
own red blood!
Not till the dawn he heard it, and slowly blanched to hear
How Bess, the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Had watched for her love in the moonlight; and died in
the darkness there.

Back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the
sky,
With the white road smoking behind him, and his rapier
brandish'd high!

Blood-red were his spurs i' the golden noon, wine-red was
his velvet coat,
When they shot him down on the highway,
Down like a dog on the highway,
And he lay in his blood on the highway, with a bunch of
her lace at his throat.

And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is
in the trees,
When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy
seas,
When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple
moor,
A highwayman comes riding—
Riding, riding—
A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door.

Over the cobbles he clatters, and clangs in the dark inn-
yard;
And he taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is
locked and barred;
He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be
waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark-red love-knot into her long black hair.

Six Musical Entertainments

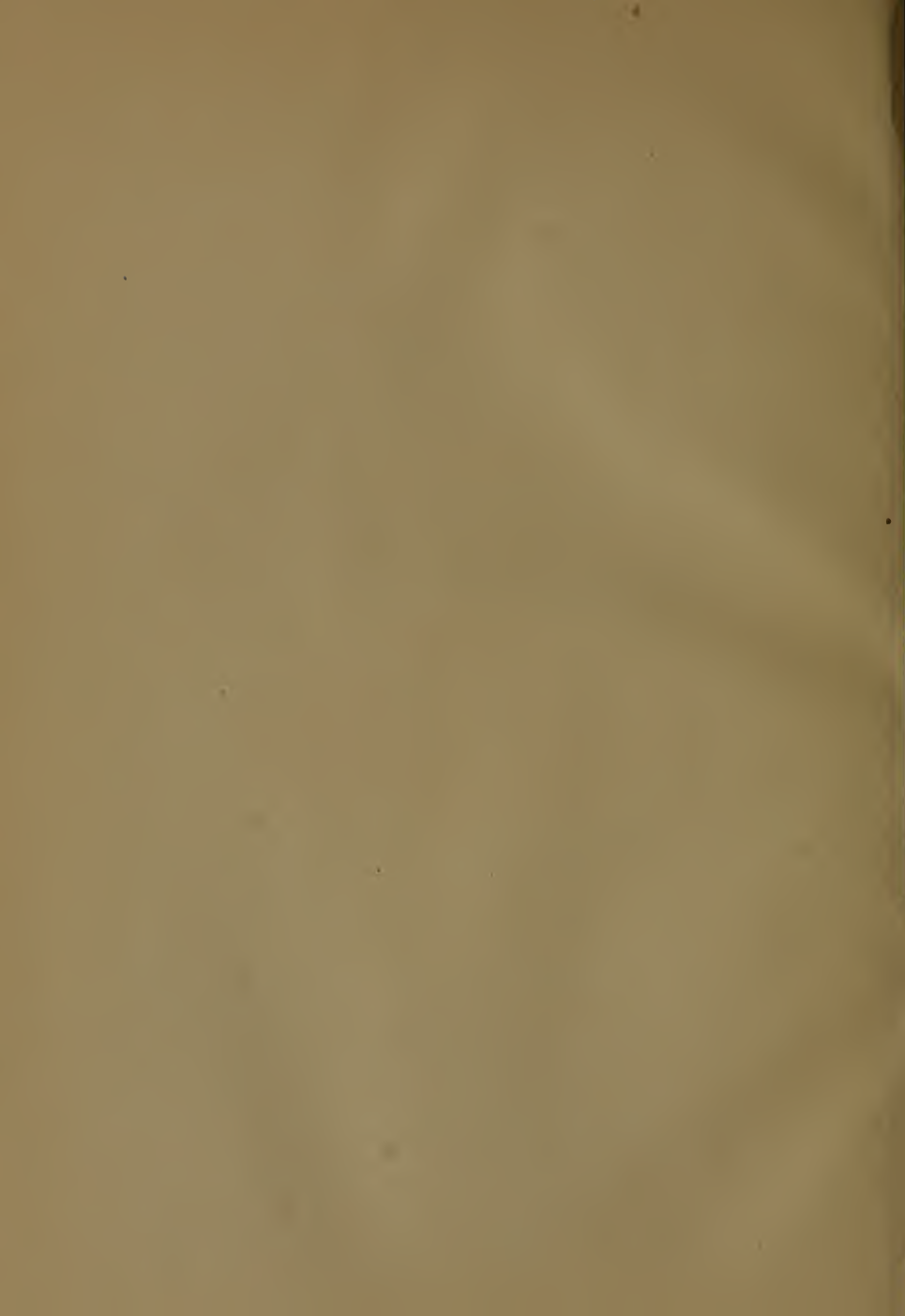
1. The Maple and the Pine
2. The Winds
3. The Tree in the Field
4. The Diminishing Class
5. The Seasons
6. The Gossips

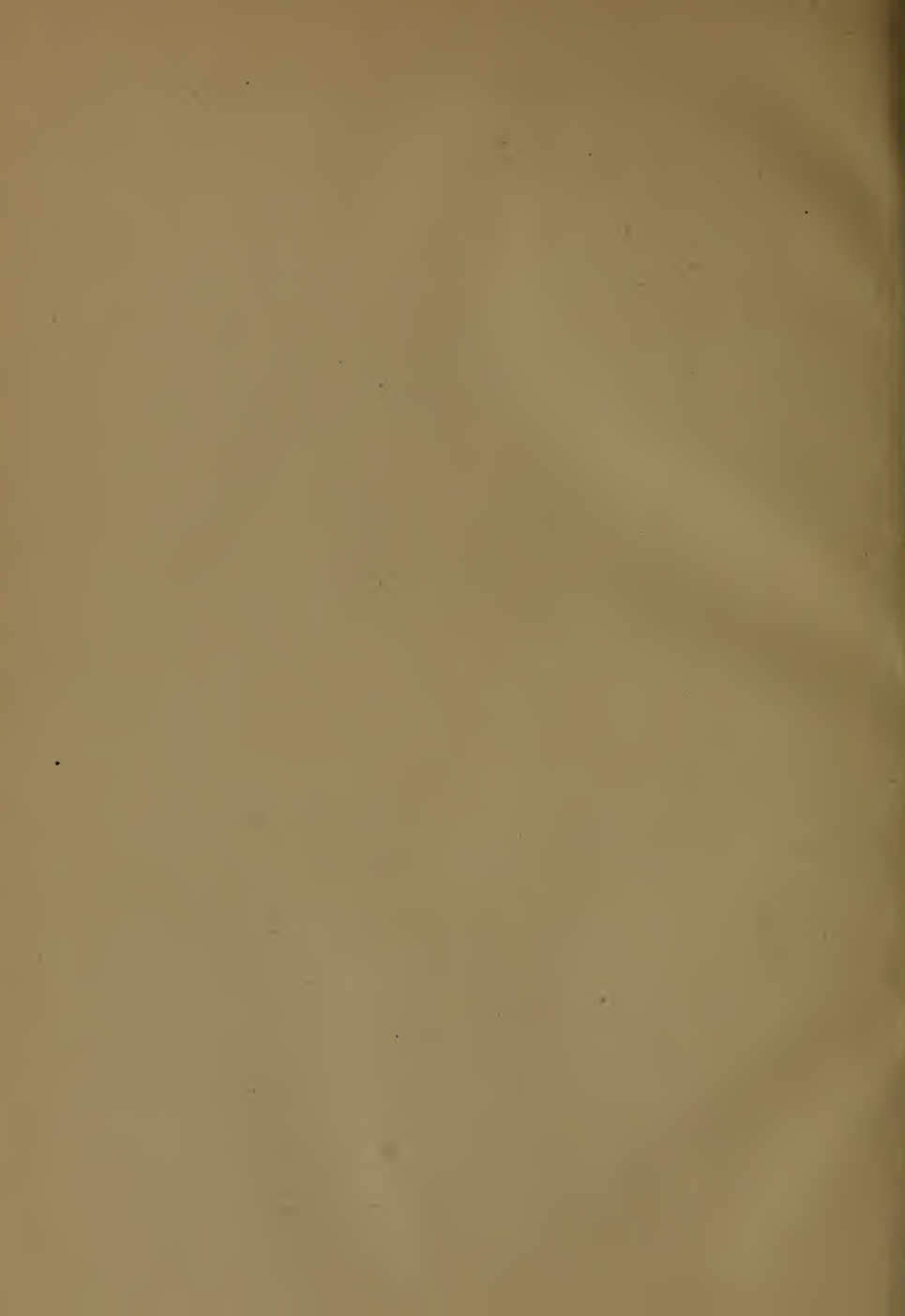
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